THE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. JONATH. SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

------Two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
Ye future Times! I heard the silver sound,
I saw the Graces form a circle round:
Each where she fix'd attentive seem'd to root,
And all but Eloquence herself was mute.
From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy Labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the list'ning audience to admire-----
Then here, she cries, let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel-----
O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
What bards and heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou can'st not wholly die; thy Works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine. PARNELL.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:
THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

FROM 1730 TO 1739.

Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much ſatire in his vein,
And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no age could more deſerve it:
Yet malice never was his aim;
He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name------
Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be or ridicul'd or laſh'd------
As for his Works in verſe or proſe,
I own myſelf no judge of thoſe;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view deſign'd,
To pleaſe and to reform mankind;
And if he often miſs'd his aim,
The world muſt own it, to their ſhame,
The praiſe is his, and theirs the blame.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF SWIFT.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1730 TO 1739.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM *.

Written in the year 1730.

Five hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing,
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay;
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.
  And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;

* No charge has been more frequently brought against the Dean, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of coarse indelicacy, of which this Poem is always produced as an instance. Here, then, it is but justice to remark, that whenever he offends against delicacy he teaches it; he stimulates the mind to sensibility, to correct the faults of habitual negligence; as physicians, to cure a lethargy, have recourse to a blister. And though it may reasonably be supposed that few English ladies leave such a Dressing-room as Celia's, yet many may have given sufficient cause for reminding them, that very soon after desire has been gratified, the utmost delicacy becomes necessary to prevent disgust. *Hawkes.*

Strephon, ſhe rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry ſide.
In ſuch a caſe few words are beſt,
And Strephon bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears how damnably the men lie
In calling Celia ſweet and cleanly.
  Now liſten, while he next produces
The various combs for various uſes,
Fill'd up with dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No bruſh could force a way betwixt;
A paſte of compoſition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth, with oil upon't,
To ſmooth the wrinkles on her front.
Here alum-flour, to ſtop the ſteams
Exhal'd from ſour unſav'ry ſtreams:
There night-gloves made of Tripſey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripſey when ſhe dy'd;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Diſtill'd from Tripſey's darling whelp.
Here gallypots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with waſhes, ſome with paſte;
Some with pomatums, paints, and ſlops,
And ointments good for ſcabby chops.
Hard by a filthy baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the ſcouring of her hands;
The baſon takes whatever comes,
The ſcrapings from her teeth and gums:

A naſty compound of all hues,
For here ſhe ſpits and here ſhe ſpues.
  But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd
With dirt, and ſweat, and ear-wax, grim'd.
No object Strephon's eyes eſcapes;
Here petticoats in frouzy heaps:
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with ſnuff and ſnot.
The ſtockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the moiſture of her toes?
Or greaſy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Celia ſlept at leaſt a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round,
Or hairs that ſink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like briſtles grow.
  The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of Celia's magnifying glaſs:
When frighted Strephon caſt his eye on't,
It ſhew'd the viſage of a giant;
A glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt worm in Celia's noſe,
And faithfully direct her nail
To ſqueeze it out from head to tail;
For catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the reſt?
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner,
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem, in this diſguiſe,
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go thro' thick and thin:
He lifts the lid; there needs no more;
He ſmelt it all the time before.
As from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew,
He ſtill was comforted to find
That Hope at laſt remain'd behind;
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the cheſt was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in ſearch of Hope.
Oh! ne'er may ſuch a vile machine
Be once in Celia's chamber ſeen!

Oh! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe ſecrets of the hoary deep!
  As mutton cutlets, prime of meat,
Which tho' with art you ſalt and beat
As laws of cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt fire,
If, from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To ſtinking ſmoke it turns the flame,
Pois'ning the fleſh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greaſy ſtench,
For which you curſe the careleſs wench;
So things which muſt not be expreſt,
When plumpt into the reeking cheſt,
Send up an excremental ſmell,
To taint the parts from whence they fell,
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a ſtink round ev'ry room.
  Thus finiſhing his grand ſurvey,
The ſwain, diſguſted, ſlunk away,
Repeating in his am'rous fits,
"Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia ſh——!"
  But Vengeance, goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he ſees with all her ſtinks;
And if unſav'ry odours fly,
Conceives a lady ſtanding by.

All women his deſcription fits,
And both ideas jump like wits,
By vicious fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in contraſt.
  I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the ſcene
Statira's but ſome pocky quean.
  When Celia all her glory ſhows,
If Strephon would but ſtop his noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her waſhes, ſlops, and every clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a rout,
He ſoon will learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd eyes to ſee
Such order from confuſion ſprung;
Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.

AN ANSWER

TO DOCTOR DELANY'S FABLE

OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

Written in the year 1730.

In ancient times the wiſe were able
In proper terms to write a fable;

Their tales would always juſtly ſuit
The characters of ev'ry brute;
The aſs was dull, the lion brave,
The ſtag was ſwift, the fox a knave,
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would ſcent, the wolf would proul;
A pigeon would, if ſhown by Æſop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his peaſe up.
Far otherwiſe a great divine
Has learn'd his Fables to refine;
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You ſee him firſt the Peacock bring,
Againſt all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wiſe.
Now, pray, obſerve the Doctor's choice,
A Peacock choſe for flight and voice!
Did ever mortal ſee a Peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his ſinging, Doctor, you know
Himſelf complain'd of it to Juno.
He ſqualls in ſuch a helliſh noiſe,
It frightens all the village boys.
This Peacock kept a ſtanding force
In regiments of foot and horſe;
Had ſtateſmen too of ev'ry kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind;

(And this was thought the highest poſt,
For rule the rump you rule the roaſt.)
The Doctor names but one at preſent,
And he of all birds was a Pheaſant.
This Pheaſant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ,
And when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he ſays, and I allow,
Were ſcholars then, as we are now,
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricaſſees and olios.
This Pheaſant, by the Peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighb'ring hill,
And as he wander'd in his park,
He chanc'd to ſpy a clergy Lark,
Was taken with his perſon outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the Pheaſant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleaſant,
Himſelf the Lark, my Lord the Pheaſant:
A Lark he is, and ſuch a Lark
As never came from Noah's ark;
And tho' he had no other notion
But building, planning, and devotion;
Tho' 'tis a maxim you muſt know,
Who does no ill can have no foe;

Yet how ſhall I expreſs in words
The ſtrange ſtupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Becauſe he did his brethren good.
At laſt the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the Doctor by the chin;
We all can find out whom he means,
The worſt of diſaffected Deans,
Whoſe wit at beſt was next to none,
And now that little next is gone;
Againſt the court is always blabbing,
And calls the Senate-houſe a Cabbin;
So dull, that but for ſpleen and ſpite
We ne'er ſhould know that he could write;
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Becauſe himſelf is not preferr'd;
His heart is thro' his Libel * ſeen,
Nor could his malice ſpare the Q—n,
Who, had ſhe known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have ſhown him ſo much favour.
A noble Lord † hath told his pranks,
And well deſerves the nation's thanks.
O would the Senate deign to ſhow
Reſentment on this public foe!
Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
There let him ſtarve, and vent his rage;

* Vide a Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret.
† Lord Allen, the ſame who is meant by Traulus.

Or would they but in fetters bind
This enemy of human-kind.
Harmonious Coffee*! ſhew thy zeal,
Thou champion for the common-weal!
Nor on a theme like this repine
For once to wet thy pen divine;
Beſtow that libeller a laſh,
Who daily vends ſeditious traſh;
Who dares revile the nation's wiſdom,
But in the praiſe of virtue is dumb:
That ſcribbler laſh, who neither knows
The turn of verſe nor ſtyle of proſe;
Whoſe malice, for the worſt of ends,
Would have us loſe our Engliſh friends;
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove ſend this Nightingale may fall,
Who ſpends his day and night in gall.
So Nightingale and Lark, adieu!
I ſee the greateſt owls in you
That ever ſcreecht or ever flew.

THE POWER OF TIME.

Written in the year 1730.

If neither braſs nor marble can withſtand
The mortal force of Time's deſtructive hand;

* A Dublin Gazetteer.

If mountains ſink to vales, if cities die,
And leſſ'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry;
When my old caſſoc (ſaid a Welſh divine)
Is out at elbows, why ſhould I repine?

THE

REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.

Written in the year 1730.

From diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends:
Where Phœbus pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd,
Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſuff'rers in a ruin'd cauſe:
By faction baniſh'd, here unite
A Dean *, a Spaniard †, and a Knight ‡;
Unite, but on conditions cruel,
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well:
Condemn'd to live in ſervice hard,
On either ſide his Honour's guard:
The Dean to guard his Honour's back,
Muſt build a caſtle at Drumlack ‖;

* The Author.
† Col. Harry Leſlie, who ſerved and lived long in Spain.
‡ Sir Arthur Acheſon.
‖ The Iriſh name of a farm the Dean took, and was to build on, but changed his mind. He called it Drapier's Hill. *Vide* the poem ſo called.

The Spaniard, ſore againſt his will,
Muſt raiſe a fort at Market-hill;
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and ſouth are poſted centry,
While in his lordly caſtle fixt
The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt,
And what the wretches moſt reſent,
To be his ſlaves muſt pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, Fortune! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His ſlaves have ten times more than he.
  Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard muſt reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings;
Where are thy ſervices and ſuff'rings?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the grain, a monarch's fiſt?
What if among the courtly tribe
You loſt a place and ſav'd a bribe?
And then in ſurly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
And fierce againſt the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?

Come, Spaniard! let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right.
From Market-Hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's Mount defcend,
And to the fouth my fquadrons bend.
New-river Walk, with friendly fhade,
Shall keep my hoft in ambufcade,
While you, from where the bafon ftands,
Shall fcale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan fhe wears;
Then, left upon our firft attack
Her valiant arm fhould force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd,
I have a ftratagem contriv'd:
By thefe embroider'd high-heel'd fhoes
She fhall be caught, as in a noofe;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have pow'r to ftir an inch:
Thefe gaudy fhoes muft Hannah * place
Direct before her Lady's face;

* My Lady's waiting maid.

The ſhoes put on, our faithful portreſs
Admits us in to ſtorm the fortreſs,
While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts ſhod,
Stumbling at ev'ry ſtep ſhe trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's iſle,
To catch a monkey by a wile
The mimic animal amuſe;
They place before him gloves and ſhoes,
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The huntſmen ſeize the grinning prize.
  But let us on our firſt aſſault
Secure the larder and the vault.
The valiant Dennis * you muſt fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon †:
Then if we once can ſeize the key
And cheſt that keeps my Lady's tea,
They muſt ſurrender at diſcretion:
And ſoon as we have gain'd poſſeſſion
We'll act as other conqu'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two.
Then (let me ſee) we'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;

* The butler.
† The houſekeeper.

But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer *, to wear his hat:
Yet when we dine without a friend
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs. Leſlie;
But leſt it might not be ſo proper
That her own maid ſhould overtop her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our int'reſt to get rid of her;
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the rogues by whom they riſe.

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.

THE FIRST PART.

Written in the year 1730.

TOM.

Say, Robin, what can Traulus mean
By bell'wing thus againſt the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry Scribbler,
Papiſt, and Jacobite, and Libeller?

* The agent.

Yet cannot prove a ſingle fact.
ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom, his head is crackt.
TOM. What miſchief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why muſt he ſputter, ſpawl, and ſlaver it
In vain againſt the people's fav'rite?
Revile that nation-ſaving paper
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?
ROBIN. Why, Tom, I think the caſe is plain;
Party and ſpleen have turn'd his brain.
TOM. Such friendſhip never man profeſs'd,
The Dean was never ſo careſs'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nurſt,
Till, God knows why, at laſt it burſt.
That clumſy outſide of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
ROBIN. I own appearances are bad,
Yet ſtill inſiſt the man is mad.
TOM. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And tho' perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He ſtill has gratitude and ſap'ence,
To ſpare the folks that give him ha'pence,
Nor in their eyes at random piſſes,
But turns aſide, like mad Ulyſſes,
While Traulus all his ordure ſcatters,
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.

Whence come these inconsistent fits?
ROBIN. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.
TOM. Agreed; and yet when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail:
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead;
"Hang, drown, or knock him on the head!"
So Trallus, when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.
ROBIN. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And tho' you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
Begs leave to rail, but, d——n his blood,
He only meant it for your good:
His friendship was exactly tim'd,
He shot before your foes were prim'd.
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G— I'll bring you off as clean——

Then let him uſe you ere ſo rough,
'Twas all for love, and that's enough.
But tho' he ſputter thro' a ſeſſion,
It never makes the leaſt impreſſion:
Whate'er he ſpeaks for madneſs goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
TOM. The ſcrubbieſt cur in all the pack
Can ſet the maſtiff on your back.
I own his madneſs is a jeſt,
If that were all; but he's poſſeſt,
Incarnate with a thouſand imps,
To work whoſe ends his madneſs pimps,
Who o'er each ſtring and wire preſide,
Fill ev'ry pipe, each motion guide,
Directing ev'ry vice we find
In Scripture to the devil aſſign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him Legion.
Of brethren he's a falſe accuſer,
A ſland'rer, traitor, and ſeducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning liar,
The marks peculiar of his ſire.
Or grant him but a drone at beſt,
A drone can raiſe a hornet's neſt.
The Dean hath felt their ſtings before,
And muſt their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buz about his noſe?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.

A patriot is a dang'rous poſt,
When wanted by his country moſt;
Perverſely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes;
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant,
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What ſpirit, ſince the world began,
Could always bear to ſtrive with man?
Which God pronounc'd he never wou'd,
And ſoon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet ſtill the Dean on freedom raves;
His ſpirit always ſtrives with ſlaves:
'Tis time at laſt to ſpare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

TRAULUS.

THE SECOND PART.

Written in the year 1730.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel ſeed,
By the dam from lordlings ſprung,
By the ſire exhal'd from dung;
Think on ev'ry vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride;

Pofitive and over-bearing,
Changing ftill, and ftill adhering;
Spiteful, peevifh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he moft is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareft friendfhip fwearing;
Judgment weak, and paffion ftrong;
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wifhes it were all unfaid.

Let me now the vices trace
From the father's fcoundrel race.
Who could give the looby fuch airs?
Were they mafons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Mufe an anfwer
From his *atavus* and grandfire:
This was dext'rous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well.
Hence the greafy clumfy mien
In his drefs and figure feen;
Hence the mean and fordid foul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild fufpicious peep,
Like a rogue that fteals a fheep;

Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and ſmile;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.
  Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd
Borrow'd from the maſon's ſide.
Some perhaps may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old foundation.
True, indeed, I ſhould be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter-end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend!
  In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd him can you tell?
Human race, or imps of hell?

TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE.

Written in the year 1730.

QUEEN of Wit and Beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms ev'ry ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!

And thy freckled neck difplay'd,
Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,
Or a tawny fpeckled pippin
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus difpatch'd,
Let me praife thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phrafes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue fupply;
And thy memory is loaded
With old fcraps from plays exploded;
Stock'd with repartees and jokes
Suited to all Chriftian folks;
Shreds of wit, and fenfelefs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thoufand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be fparing,
Which can ne'er be worfe for wearing,
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhoufe upper regions,
Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry,
Irifh nymphs learn Irifh ra'll'ry:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endu'd
To be fcurrilous and rude,
When you pertly raife your fnout,
Fleer and gibe, and laugh, and flout,

This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes:
Thus indulgent Chloe bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the year 1730.

Death went, upon a solemn day,
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kist
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto observing, since the peace,
The burial-article decrease,
And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The int'rest of his realm had need
That Death should get a num'rous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd to rig him out a beau.
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes,
Which in the nicest fashions curl'd,
(Like toupees of this upper world)
With flour of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell,
An adder of the sable kind,
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
Bequeated to Pluto corpse and all;
But, loath his person to expose,
Bare, like a carcass pick'd by crows;
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case;
No new flux'd rake shew'd fairer skin,
Nor Phillis after lying in.
With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox;
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops,
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood, and b—d and w—ds.
Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-Lane;

The Faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental meſſage ſends;
Their preſident in ſcarlet gown
Harangu'd and welcom'd him to Town.
But Death had bus'neſs to diſpatch;
His mind was running on his match;
And hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His Majeſty of Terrors came,
Fine as a col'nel of the Guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſat at cards.
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleaſure jumps,
She ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
For ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
Was never ſeen except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and ſnout,
Her pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out,
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As juſt the counter part of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the firſt advance;
Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the ſwain;
Nothing, ſhe thought, could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below,
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;

Whether ſome late-departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If Chloe were a ſharper ſtill,
As great as ever at Quadrille?
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft' a-week was kept a ball
By Proſerpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied thoſe Elyſian ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades.
How pleaſant on the banks of Styx
To troll it in a coach and ſix!

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are Ambition's aims!
Ceaſe, haughty Nymph! the Fates decree
Death muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee;
For when by chance the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand, as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd Cupid's lamp;
Away the frighted ſpectre ſcuds,
And leaves my Lady in the ſuds.

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH *.

Written in the year 1730.

Resolv'd my gratitude to ſhow,
Thrice Rev'rend Dean! for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd,
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now in all our ſex's name
My artleſs Muſe ſhall ſing your fame.
  Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker ſides are blind;
Nine more ſuch champions as the Dean
Would ſoon reſtore our ancient reign.
How well to win the ladies' hearts
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my ſpirits rais'd,
By you ſo oft', ſo highly, prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue,
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward ſhame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modeſty a weak pretence,
And ſoon grow pert on men of ſenſe;
To ſhew my face with ſcornful air,
Let others match it if they dare.
  Impatient to be out of debt,
O! may I never once forget

* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheſon.

The bard who humbly deigns to chuſe
Me for the ſubject of his Muſe.
Behind my back, before my noſe,
He ſounds my praiſe in verſe and proſe.
  My heart with emulation burns
To make you ſuitable returns:
My gratitude the world ſhall know:
And ſee, the printer's boy below;
Ye Hawkers all! your voices lift;
" A Panegyric on Dean Swift:"
And then, to mend the matter ſtill,
" By Lady Anne of Market-hill *."
  I thus begin: My grateful Muſe
Salutes the Dean in diff'rent views;
Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor;
Robert and Darby's † coadjutor;
And as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit ‡.
  In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And, firſt, as Dean,
Envy muſt own you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur,
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.

* A village near Sir Arthur Acheſon's houſe, where the Author paſſed two ſummers.
† The names of two overſeers.
‡ My Lady's footman.

In ſuch dignity appears,
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As fits a princeſs in romance!
By your example and aſſiſtance
The fellows learn to know their diſtance.
Sir Arthur, ſince you ſet the pattern,
No longer calls me Snipe and Slattern;
Nor dares he, tho' he were a duke,
Offend me with the leaſt rebuke.
  Proceed we to your preaching* next;
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt text!
How your ſuperior learning ſhines
Above our neighb'ring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera † not ſo full pit
Is ſeen as when you mount our pulpit.
  Conſider now your converſation.
Regardful of your age and ſtation,
You ne'er was known, by paſſion ſtirr'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive word,
But ſtill, whene'er you ſilence break,
Watch ev'ry ſyllable you ſpeak:
Your ſtyle ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.

* The Author preached but once while he was there.
† A play written by Mr. Gay.

But then, a parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band ſo clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean;
Such reverential awe expreſs,
That cow-boys know you by your dreſs!
Then if our neighb'ring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With ſuch addreſs and graceful port,
As clearly ſhews you bred at court!
Now raiſe your ſpirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler ſcene.
When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of butler's * mate,
You next to Dennis † bear the ſway;
To you we often truſt the key;
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well what bottle holds a quart,
What pints may beſt for bottles paſs,
Juſt to give ev'ry man his glaſs;
When proper to produce the beſt,
And what may may ſerve a common gueſt.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ſteal your maſter's wine,
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother ſerving-men;
But that is with a good deſign,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine,

* He ſometimes uſed to direct the butler. † The butler.

Your maſter's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.
  Your uſher's * poſt muſt next be handled.
How bleſs'd am I by ſuch a man led?
Under whoſe wiſe and careful guardſhip
I now deſpiſe fatigue and hardſhip:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Tho' draggled round I ſcorn to fret.
From you my chamber-damſels learn
My broken hoſe to patch and darn.
  Now as a jeſter I accoſt you,
Which never yet one friend has loſt you.
You judge ſo nicely to a hair
How far to go, and when to ſpare;
By long experience grown ſo wiſe,
Of ev'ry taſte to know the ſize,
There's none ſo ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you ſpeak †.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a caſe
Whether with Dermot or his Grace;
With Teague O'Murphy or an earl,
A ducheſs or a kitchen-girl.
With ſuch dexterity you fit
Their ſev'ral talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can ſmoke,
And Gahagan ‡ take ev'ry joke.

* He ſometimes uſed to walk with the Lady.

† The neighbouring ladies were no great underſtanders of raillery.

‡ The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill. See the poem.

I now become your humble ſuitor
To let me praiſe you as my tutor *.
Poor I! a ſavage bred and born,
By you inſtructed ev'ry morn,
Already have improv'd ſo well,
That I have almoſt learn'd to ſpell.
The neighbours who come here to dine
Admire to hear me ſpeak ſo fine.
How enviouſly the ladies look,
When they ſurpriſe me at my book!
And, ſure as they're alive, at night,
As ſoon as gone, will ſhow their ſpite.
" Good Lord! what can my Lady mean,
" Converſing with that ruſty Dean!
" She's grown ſo nice, and ſo penurious †,
" With Socrates and Epicurious.
" How could ſhe ſit the live-long day,
" Yet never aſk us once to play?"
But I admire your patience moſt,
That when I'm duller than a poſt,
Nor can the plaineſt word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are ſo indulgent and ſo mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could ſpend my life in reading.

* In bad weather the Author uſed to direct my Lady in her reading.

† Ignorant ladies often miſtake the word *penurious* for nice and dainty.

You merit new employments daily,
Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily;
And to a genius ſo extenſive
No work is grievous or offenſive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient ſtyes,
Or ponder long, with anxious thought,
To baniſh rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend Dean,
To keep our poultry ſweet and clean,
To ſweep the manſion-houſe they dwell in,
And cure the rank unſav'ry ſmelling.
Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter * never man made.
Let others, with fanatic face,
Talk of their milk for babes of grace,
From tubs their ſnuffling nonſenſe utter,
Thy milk ſhall make us tubs of butter.
The biſhop with his foot may burn it †,
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the ſervants overjoy'd
To ſee thy Deanſhip thus employ'd!
Inſtead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toſs and ſhake
The bottle till your fingers ake:

* A way of making butter for breakfaſt, by putting cream into a bottle, and ſhaking it till the butter comes.

† It is a common ſaying, when the milk burns, that the divil, or the biſhop, has ſet his foot in it, the devil having been called Biſhop of hell.

Hard is the toil, nor ſmall the art,
The butter from the whey to part;
Behold a frothy ſubſtance riſe!
Be cautious or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceaſt,
And out you ſqueeze an ounce at leaſt.
Your Rev'rence thus, with like ſucceſs,
(Nor is your ſkill or labour leſs)
When bent upon ſome ſmart lampoon,
Will toſs and turn your brain till noon,
Which in its jumblings round the ſcull
Dilates, and makes the veſſel full;
While nothing comes but froth at firſt,
You think your giddy head will burſt;
But ſqueezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half ſo ſkill'd in
The grandeur of the art of building.
Two temples of magnific ſize
Attract the curious trav'ller's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks,
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks.
Here gentle goddeſs Cloacine
Receives all off'rings at her ſhrine;
In ſep'rate cells the hees and ſhees
Here pay their vows with bended knees;

For 'tis profane when sexes mingle;
And ev'ry nymph must enter single,
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with rev'rence and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.
Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean,
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come
Return with unpolluted thumb.
Yet when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.
Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine!
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the skies alone,
(That Golden Age to gold unknown)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind:

Ten thousand altars, smoking round,
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd;
And here thy daily vot'ries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
(Tho' sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink
If Naiads swept them from the brink)
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flow'ry vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale.
There many a flow'r abstersive grew,
Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue!
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
  But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove,
Then Gluttony with greasy paws
Her napkin pin'd up to her jaws,
With wat'ry chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;

Inftead of wholefome bread and cheefe,
To drefs their foups and fricaffees;
And, for our home-bred Britifh cheer,
Botargo, catfup, and caveer.
  This bloated harpy, fprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, Goddefs! to a cell;
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
Firft lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,
Taking her after-dinner nap;
Pale Dropfy, with a fallow face,
Her belly burft, and flow her pace;
And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur;
And wheezing Afthma, loath to ftir;
Voluptuous Eafe, the child of Wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by ftealth:
None feek thee now in open air;
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obfcene
Prefent a facrifice unclean,
From whence unfav'ry vapours rofe,
Offenfive to thy nicer nofe.
Ah! who in our degen'rate days,
As Nature prompts his off'ring pays?
Here Nature never diff'rence made
Between the fceptre and the fpade.
  Ye great ones! why will ye difdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?

Why will you place, in lazy pride,
Your altars near your couches' ſide?
When from the homelieſt earthen ware
Are ſent up off'rings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty ducheſs locks
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar-box.
Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains,
Whoſe off'rings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal rivers' banks,
Nor ſeldom grace the flow'ry downs,
With ſpiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a ſunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn;
So, poets ſing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither by luckleſs error led,
The crude conſiſtence oft' I tread;
Here, when my ſhoes are out of caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;
Here by the ſacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
Be witneſs for me, Nymph divine!
I never robb'd thee with deſign;
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To waſh thy injur'd off'rings out.
But ſtop, ambitious Muſe! in time,
Nor dwell on ſubjects too ſublime.

In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accoſting, ſaid, Go ſhake your cream.
Be humbly minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly ſtyle;
Teach Dennis how to ſtir the guile;
With Peggy Dixon thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit:
Take down thy proudly-ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely carving ſhew thy wit,
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:
Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye,
And ev'ry gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate except your own.
Be theſe thy arts, nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
But Cloacina, goddeſs bright,
Sleek ——— claims her as his right;
And Smedley *, flow'r of all divines,
Shall ſing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

* A very ſtupid, inſolent, factious, deformed, conceited parſon, a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for his wit.

VERSES
ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT,

Occaſioned by reading the following

MAXIM IN ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Dans l'adverſité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque choſe qui ne nous deplaiſt pas.

"In the adverſity of our beſt friends we always find "ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us."

Written in Nov. 1731.

As Rochefoucault his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt,
"In all diſtreſſes of our friends
"We firſt conſult our private ends,
"While Nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
"Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our ſize.
Who would not at a crowded ſhow
Stand high himſelf, keep others low?

I love my friend as well as you,
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt,
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One whom you love of all mankind
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won,
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without;
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the caſe is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?
Her end when Emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes.
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.
Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, pow'r, and ſtation,
'Tis all on me an uſurpation.

I have no title to aſpire,
Yet when you ſink I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line
But, with a ſigh, I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own hum'rous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. John, as well as Pultney, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe,
And till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide,
If with ſuch talents Heav'n hath bleſs'd 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune! ſend
Thy gifts, but never to my friend;
I tamely can endure the firſt,
But this with envy makes me burſt.

Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our Poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Muſt by the courſe of Nature die;
When, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends;
And tho' 'tis hardly underſtood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak;
" See how the Dean begins to break!
" Poor Gentleman! he droops apace;
" You plainly find it in his face:
" That old vertigo in his head
" Will never leave him till he's dead.
" Beſides, his memory decays;
" He recollects not what he ſays;
" He cannot call his friends to mind,
" Forgets the place where laſt he din'd,
" Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
" He told them fifty times before.
" How does he fancy we can ſit
" To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
" But he takes up with younger folks,
" Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
" 'Faith he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
" Or change his comrades once a-quarter:
" In half the time he talks them round;
" There muſt another ſet be found.
" For poetry he's paſt his prime;
" He takes an hour to find a rhyme:

" His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
" His fancy ſunk, his Muſe a jade.
" I'd have him throw away his pen;—
" But there's no talking to ſome men."
And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years.
" He's older than he would be reckon'd,
" And well remembers Charles the Second:
" He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
" And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
" His ſtomach, too, begins to fail:
" Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale,
" But now he's quite another thing;
" I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring."
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus,
It is not yet ſo bad with us.
In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortunes to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily How-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, " Worſe and worſe!")
Would pleaſe them better than to tell
That, God be prais'd! the Dean is well.
Then he who propheſy'd the beſt
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:

" You know I always fear'd the worſt,
" And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretels I ſhall recover,
But all agree to give me over.
Yet ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain,
How many a meſſage would he ſend?
What hearty prayers that I ſhould mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament when I was dead
Than all the ſniv'llers round my bed.
My good Companions! never fear,
For tho' you may miſtake a year,
Tho' your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the Dean? He's juſt alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes——The Dean is dead.
Before the paſſing-Hell began,
The news thro' half the town is run.
" Oh! may we all for death prepare!
" What has he left? and who's his heir?"
" I know no more than what the news is;
" 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes."

" To public uſes! there's a whim!
" What had the public done for him?
" Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
" He gave it all—But firſt he dy'd.
" And had the Dean in all the nation
" No worthy friend, no poor relation?
" So ready to do ſtrangers good,
" Forgetting his own fleſh and blood!"
Now Grubſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the Town is cloy'd;
Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To curſe the Dean or bleſs the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
" We muſt confeſs his caſe was nice,
" But he would never take advice!
" Had he been rul'd, for aught appears
" He might have liv'd theſe twenty years,
" For when we open'd him, we found
" That all his vital parts were ſound."
From Dublin ſoon to London ſpread
'Tis told at court the Dean is dead,
And Lady Suffolk in the ſpleen
Runs laughing up to tell———
The * * * ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, " Is he gone? 'tis time he ſhould.
" He's dead, you ſay; * * * rot;
" I'm glad the medals were forgot.

"I promis'd him, I own; but when?
"I only was the * — * then;
"But now as consort of the * * *
"You know 'tis quite a diff'rent thing."
  Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
"(Cries Bob) I'm sorry for the news.
"Oh! were the wretch but living still,
"And in his place my good friend Will!
"Or had a mitre on his head,
"Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
  Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
  Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
  St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indiff'rence, clad in Wiſdom's guiſe,
All fortitude of mind ſupplies;
For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe who never pity felt?
When we are laſh'd they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear,
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between;
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.
My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps;
" The Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps?)
" Then, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
" (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
" Six deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall,
" (I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
" Madam, your huſband will attend
" The fun'ral of ſo good a friend."
" No, Madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight,
" And he's engag'd to-morrow night;
" My Lady Club will take it ill
" If he ſhould fail her at Quadrille.
" He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)
" But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.

" His time was come ; he ran his race ;
" We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die ?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt ; a diff'rent ſcene !
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas ! is no more miſt
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo ?
Departed :—" and his Works muſt follow ;"
Muſt undergo the common fate ;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country 'ſquire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verſe and proſe.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name ;
" He dy'd a year ago." " The ſame."
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in Duck-Lane ;
" I ſent them with a load of books,
" Laſt Monday, to the paſtry-cooks.
" To fancy they could live a year !
" I find you're but a ſtranger here.
" The Dean was famous in his time,
" And had a kind of knack at rhyme :
" His way of writing now is paſt ;
" The Town has got a better taſte.
" I keep no antiquated ſtuff,
" But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.

“ Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew ’em :
“ Here’s Colley Cibber’s birthday poem.
“ This ode you never yet have ſeen,
“ By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
“ Then here’s a letter finely penn’d
“ Againſt the Craftſman and his friend ;
“ It clearly ſhews that all reflection
“ On miniſters is diſaffection.
“ Next, here’s Sir Robert’s Vindication,
“ And Mr. Henley’s laſt oration :
“ The hawkers have not got them yet :
“ Your Honour pleaſe to have a ſet ?
“ Here’s Woolſton’s Tracts, the twelfth edition ;
“ ’Tis read by ev’ry politician.
“ The country-members, when in Town,
“ To all their boroughs ſend them down ;
“ You never met a thing ſo ſmart ;
“ The courtiers have them all by heart ;
“ Thoſe maids of honour who can read
“ Are taught to uſe them for their creed.
“ The Rev’rend author’s good intention
“ Hath been rewarded with a penſion :
“ He doth an honour to his gown,
“ By bravely running prieſtcraft down :
“ He ſhews, as ſure as God’s in Gloc’ſter,
“ That ——— was a grand impoſtor,
“ That all his miracles were cheats,
“ Perform’d as jugglers do their feats :

" The church had never ſuch a writer;
" A ſhame he hath not got a mitre!"
  Suppoſe me dead, and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the Roſe,
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat,
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without,
One, quite indiff'rent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws.
  " The Dean, if we believe report,
" Was never ill receiv'd at court:
" Altho' ironically grave,
" He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave:
" To ſteal a hint was never known,
" But what he writ was all his own."
  " Sir, I have heard another ſtory,
" He was a moſt confounded Tory;
" And grew, or he is much bely'd,
" Extremely dull before he dy'd."
  " Can we the Drapier then forget?
" Is not our nation in his debt?
" 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!"——
  " He ſhould have left them for his betters;
" We had a hundred abler men,
" Nor need depend upon his pen.——
" Say what you will about his reading,
" You never can defend his breeding,

"Who in his ſatires running riot,
"Could never leave the world in quiet,
"Attacking, when he took the whim,
"Court, city, camp,—all one to him.—
"But why would he, except he ſlobber'd,
"Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert?
"Whoſe counſels aid the ſov'reign pow'r
"To ſave the nation ev'ry hour?
"What ſcenes of evil he unravels
"In ſatires, libels, lying travels!
"Not ſparing his own clergy-cloth,
"But eats into it like a moth!"——
"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
"Had too much ſatire in his vein,
"And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
"Becauſe no age could more deſerve it:
"Yet malice never was his aim;
"He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name:
"No individual could reſent,
"Where thouſands equally were meant:
"His ſatire points at no defect
"But what all mortals may correct;
"For he abhorr'd that ſenſeleſs tribe
"Who call it humour when they gibe.
"He ſpar'd a hump or crooked noſe,
"Whoſe owners ſet not up for beaus:
"True genuine dulneſs mov'd his pity,
"Unleſs it offer'd to be witty.

" Thoſe who their ignorance confeſt
" He ne'er offended with a jeſt,
" But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
" A verſe from Horace learn'd by rote.
" Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
" Muſt be or ridicul'd or laſh'd.
" If you reſent it, who's to blame?
" He neither knew you nor your name.
" Should vice expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
" Becauſe its owner is a duke?
" His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
" Were always of the middling kind;
" No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
" Who fain would paſs for lords indeed,
" Where titles give no right or power,
" And peerage is a wither'd flower:
" He would have deem'd it a diſgrace
" If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
" On rural ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
" He vented oft' his wrath in vain;
" ——— ſquires to market brought,
" Who ſell their ſouls and ——— for nought;
" The ——— go joyful back
" To ——— the church, their tenants rack,
" Go ſnacks with * * * *
" And keep the peace to pick up fees;
" In ev'ry job to have a ſhare,
" A jail or t—np—e to repair,

" And turn the —— for public roads
" Commodious to their own abodes.
  " He never thought an honour done him,
" Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
" Would rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
" To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
" And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
" So often ſeen careſſing Chartres.
" He never courted men in ſtation,
" Nor perſons held in admiration;
" Of no man's greatneſs was afraid,
" Becauſe he ſought for no man's aid.
" Tho' truſted long in great affairs,
" He gave himſelf no haughty airs:
" Without regarding private ends,
" Spent all his credit for his friends,
" And only choſe the wiſe and good,
" No flatt'rers, no allies in blood;
" But ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs,
" And ſeldom fail'd of good ſucceſs,
" As numbers in their hearts muſt own,
" Who but for him had been unknown.
  " He kept with princes due decorum,
" Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
" He follow'd David's leſſon juſt,
" In princes never put his truſt;
" And, would you make him truly ſour,
" Provoke him with a ſlave in power.

"The I——sh S———tg if you nam'd,
"With what impatience he declaim'd!
"Fair Liberty was all his cry;
"For her he stood prepar'd to die;
"For her he boldly stood alone;
"For her he oft' expos'd his own.
"Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
"Had set a price upon his head,
"But not a traitor could be found
"To sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
"He might have rose like other men;
"But pow'r was never in his thought,
"And wealth he valu'd not a groat.
"Ingratitude he often found,
"And pity'd those who meant the wound,
"But kept the tenor of his mind
"To merit well of human-kind;
"Nor made a sacrifice of those
"Who still were true to please his foes.
"He labour'd many a fruitless hour
"To reconcile his friends in power;
"Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
"While they pursu'd each others' ruin;
"But finding vain was all his care,
"He left the court in mere despair.
"And, oh! how short are human schemes!
"Here ended all our golden dreams.

" What St. John's ſkill in ſtate affairs,
" What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
" To ſave their ſinking country lent,
" Was all deſtroy'd by one event;
" Too ſoon that precious life was ended
" On which alone our weal depended.
" When up a dang'rous faction ſtarts,
" With wrath and vengeance in their hearts,
" By Solemn League and Cov'nant bound,
" To ruin, ſlaughter, and confound;
" To turn religion to a fable,
" And make the government a Babel;
" Pervert the laws, diſgrace the gown,
" Corrupt the ſ——te, rob the c——;
" To ſacrifice old E——d's glory,
" And make her infamous in ſtory.
" When ſuch a tempeſt ſhook the land,
" How could unguarded Virtue ſtand?
" With horror, grief, deſpair, the Dean
" Beheld the dire deſtructive ſcene;
" His friends in exile, or the Tower,
" Himſelf within the frown of Power;
" Purſu'd by baſe envenom'd pens,
" Far to the land of S—— and fens,
" A ſervile race, in folly nurſt,
" Who truckle moſt when treated worſt.
" By innocence and reſolution
" He bore continual perſecution,

" While numbers to preferment rose,
" Whose merit were to be his foes;
" When ev'n his own familiar friends,
" Intent upon their private ends,
" Like renegadoes, now he feels
" Against him lifting up their heels.
  " The Dean did by his pen defeat
" An infamous, destructive cheat;
" Taught fools their int'rest how to know,
" And gave them arms to ward the blow.
" Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
" To save that hapless land from ruin,
" While they who at the steerage stood,
" And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
  " To save them from their evil fate
" In him was held a crime of state.
" A wicked monster on the bench,
" Whose fury blood could never quench;
" As vile and profligate a villain
" As modern Scroggs or old Tressilian;
" Who long all justice had discarded,
" Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded,
" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
" And make him of his zeal repent;
" But Heav'n his innocence defends;
" The grateful people stand his friends:
" Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
" Nor topics brought to please the c——,

" Nor witneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
" Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile with a ſteady heart
" He ſpent his life's declining part,
" Where folly, pride, and faction, ſway,
" Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
" Alas, poor Dean! his only ſcope
" Was to be held a miſanthrope;
" This into gen'ral odium drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
" His zeal was not to laſh our crimes,
" But diſcontent againſt the times;
" For had we made him timely offers
" To raiſe his poſt or fill his coffers,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other brethren of his gown.
" For party he would ſcarce have bled:—
" I ſay no more—becauſe he's dead—
" What writings has he left behind?—"
" I hear they're of a diff'rent kind:
" A few in verſe; but moſt in proſe—"
" Some high-flown pamphlets, I ſuppoſe,—
" All ſcribbled in the worſt of times,
" To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
" To praiſe Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,
" As never fav'ring the Pretender:—
" Or libels yet conceal'd from ſight,
" Againſt the court to ſhew his ſpite.

"Perhaps his Travels, part the Third,
"A lie at ev'ry ſecond word—
"Offenſive to a loyal ear:—
"But—not one ſermon, you may ſwear."—
"He knew an hundred pleaſant ſtories,
"With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
"Was cheerful to his dying day,
"And friends would let him have his way."
"As for his Works in verſe or proſe,
"I own myſelf no judge of thoſe;
"Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em,
"But this I know, all people bought 'em,
"As with a moral view deſign'd,
"To pleaſe and to reform mankind;
"And if he often miſs'd his aim,
"The world muſt own it, to their ſhame,
"The praiſe is his, and theirs the blame.
"He gave the little wealth he had
"To build a houſe for fools and mad;
"To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
"No nation wanted it ſo much.
"That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
"I wiſh it ſoon may have a better:
"And ſince you dread no farther laſhes,
"Methinks you may forgive his aſhes."

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY.

Written in the year 1731.

Two college fophs of Cambridge growth,
Both fpecial wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, in rapture fweet,
(Mufe, find me names to fit my metre,
Caffinus this, and t'other Peter)
Friend Peter to Caffinus goes,
To chat a while and warm his nofe;
But fuch a fight was never feen,
The lad lay fwallow'd up in fpleen:
He feem'd as juft crept out of bed,
One greafy ftocking round his head,
The other he fat down to darn
With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, expofing wide
A ragged fhirt and tawny hide:
Scorch'd were his fhins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair:
A rug was o'er his fhoulders thrown;
A rug, for nightgown he had none:
His jordan ftood in manner fitting,
Between his legs to fpue or fpite in;

His ancient pipe, in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd, lay by his ſide.
  Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd,
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
  Why, Caſſy! thou wilt doze thy pate;
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chant in ev'ry buſh;
And I have heard thee oft' ſalute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heav'n ſend thou haſt not got the hips!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
  Then gave him ſome familiar thumps,
A college-joke to cure the dumps.
  The ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd, "Celia!" thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
  "Dear Caſſy! tho' to aſk I dread,
"Yet aſk I muſt; Is Celia dead?"
  "How happy I were that the worſt!
"But I was fated to be curſt."
  "Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the whore?"
  "Oh, Peter, would it were no more!"
  "Why, plague confound her ſandy locks;
"Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
"Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
"Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe."

"O Peter! beauty's but a varnish
"Which time and accidents will tarnish;
"But Celia has contriv'd to blast
"Those beauties that might ever last:
"Nor can imagination guess,
"Nor eloquence divine express,
"How that ungrateful charming maid
"My purest passion has betray'd.
"Conceive the most envenom'd dart
"To pierce an injur'd lover's heart."
"Why, hang her! tho' she seem'd so coy,
"I know she loves the barber's boy."
"Friend Peter! this I could excuse,
"For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuse;
"Nor have I reason to complain
"She loves a more deserving swain:
"But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
"A crime that shocks all human-kind;
"A deed unknown to female race,
"At which the sun should hide his face;
"Advice in vain you would apply——
"Then leave me to despair and die.
"Ye kind Arcadians! on my urn
"These elegies and sonnets burn;
"And on the marble grave these rhymes,
"A monument to after times;
"Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,
"And, dying, never told his pain.

" Vain empty world farewell. But, hark,
" The loud Cerberian triple bark.
" And there———behold Alecto ſtand!
" A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
" Lo! Charon from his leaky wherry
" Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
" I come, I come,—Meduſa! ſee,
" Her ſerpents hiſs direct at me.
" Begone; unhand me, helliſh fry:
" Avaunt!———ye cannot ſay 'tis I."
" Dear Caſſy! thou muſt purge and bleed;
" I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
" But now, by friendſhip's ſacred laws,
" I here conjure thee tell the cauſe,
" And Celia's horrid fact relate;
" Thy friend would gladly ſhare thy fate."
" To force it out my heart muſt rend;
" Yet when conjur'd by ſuch a friend—
" Think, Peter, how my ſoul is rackt!
" Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld the fact.
" Now bend thine ear, ſince out it muſt,
" But when thou ſeeſt me laid in duſt,
" The ſecret thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
" Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
" (How would her virgin-ſoul bemoan
" A crime to all her ſex unknown!)
" Nor whiſper to the tattling reeds
" The blackeſt of all female deeds;

"Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
"Where Echo ſits, and liſt'ning mocks;
"Nor let the zephyrs' treach'rous gale
"Thro' Cambridge waft the direful tale;
"Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race
"Diſcover Celia's foul diſgrace:
"But if you fail, my ſpectre dread,
"Attending nightly round your bed;
"And yet I dare confide in you;
"So take my ſecret, and adieu.
"Nor wonder how I loſt my wits;
"Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia ſh——.

A BEAUTIFUL

YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED*.

Written for the honour of the fair ſex, in 1731.

Corinna, pride of Drury-Lane,
For whom no ſhepherd ſighs in vain,
Never did Covent-Garden boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtrolling toaſt!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar where on tick to ſup,

* This Poem, for which ſome have thought no apology could be offered, deſerves, on the contrary, great commendation; as it much more forcibly reſtrains the thoughtleſs and the young from the riſk of health and life, by picking up a proſtitute, than the fineſt declamation on the ſordidneſs of the appetite. *Hawkeſ.*

Returning at the midnight-hour,
Four ſtories climbing to her bow'r,
Then ſeated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a cryſtal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouſe's hide,
Stuck on with art on either ſide,
Pulls off with care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a playbook ſmoothly lays 'em.
Now dex'trouſly her plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwiſts a wire, and from her gums
A ſet of teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddeſs
Unlaces next her ſteel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's ſkill,
Preſs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The bolſters that ſupply her hips.
With gentleſt touch ſhe next explores
Her chancres, iſſues, running ſores,
Effects of many a ſad diſaſter,
And then to each applies a plaſter;
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,

And ſmooth the furrows in her front
With greaſy paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere ſhe ſleeps,
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies,
Or, if ſhe chance to cloſe her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or, by a faithleſs bully drawn,
At ſome hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica ſeems tranſported,
Alone *, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred ſtinks,
Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs,
But never from religious clubs,
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole;

* ———Et longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam.——— *Virg.*

The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd,
And puſs had on her plumpers p-ſs'd;
A pigeon pick'd her iſſue-peas;
And Shock her treſſes fill'd with fleas.
  The Nymph, tho' in this mangled plight,
Muſt ev'ry morn her limbs unite;
But how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
Or ſhew the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
Of gath'ring up herſelf again?
The baſhful Muſe will never bear
In ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
Corinna in the morning dizen'd
Who ſees will ſpue, who ſmells be poiſon'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE*.

Written in the year 1731.

Of Chloe all the Town has rung,
By ev'ry ſize of poets ſung;

* This Poem has, among others, been cenſured for indelicacy, but with no better reaſon than a medicine would be rejected for its ill taſte. By attending to the marriage of Strephon and Chloe, the reader is neceſſarily led to conſider the effect of that groſs familiarity in which it is to be feared many married perſons think they have a right to indulge themſelves: he who is diſguſted at the picture feels the force of the precept, not to diſguſt another by his practice: and let it never be forgotten, that nothing quenches deſire like indelicacy; and that when deſire has been thus quenched, kindneſs will inevitably grow cold. *Hawkeſ.*

So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years,
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then so nice, and so genteel!
Such cleanliness from head to heel!
No humours gross or frowzy steams,
No noisome whiffs or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow;
Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose:
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams to make maid's water:
You'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the Town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown:
At country-dances not a nose
Could in the Dog-days smell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like iv'ry dry, and soft as wax:
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.
Dear Venus! hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade:

While ſhe engroſſes ev'ry ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a caſe all men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, wooing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What ſwordknots! what poetic ſtrains!
What billet-doux and clouded canes!
But Strephon ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a ſettlement along,
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and ſix, and houſe in Town.
The baſhful nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites;
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.
Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The ſmiling Cyprian goddeſs brings
Her infant Loves with purple wings,
And pigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their 'ſquire Apollo;
Then Mercury with ſilver tongue,
And Hebe, goddeſs ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and ſide by ſide;

She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But he by Mars, in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her flammeum *,
And Phœbus ſung th' epithalamium †;
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame Juno brought a prieſt demure.
Luna ‡ was abſent on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade,
With loud huzzas from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt crown their joys.
But ſtill the hardeſt part remains.
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding night;
For as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found.
His hand, his neck, his mouth and feet,
Were duly waſh'd to keep them ſweet;
(With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs.)
The weather and his love were hot,
And ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what——
Why, let it go, if I muſt tell it——
He'll ſweat, and then the nymph may ſmell it,

* A veil which the Roman brides covered themſelves with when they were going to be married.
† A marriage ſong.
‡ Diana, goddeſs of midwives.

While ſhe, a goddeſs, dy'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain,
And, Venus-like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd ambroſia from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly-beard and hairy breaſt!
His nightcap border'd round with lace
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.
Yet if the goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men;
To viſit and to court them too:
A certain goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By vent'ring on his heav'nly wife?
For Strephon could remember well
That once he heard a ſchoolboy tell
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace;
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning ſhot from Chloe's eyes?
While theſe reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:

He follow'd, ſtript, and in ſhe crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.
Now ponder well, ye Parents dear!
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer,
And make them ev'ry afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon,
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it ev'ry ſup;
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at night.
Keep them to wholeſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſeth wind:
('Tis this the ſage of Samos means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans *.)
O think what evils muſt enſue!
Miſs Moll the jade will burn it blue;
And when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for heart,
But out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
Carminative † and diuretic ‡
Will damp all paſſion ſympathetic;
And Love ſuch nicety requires,
One blaſt will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean,

* A well-known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans, which has been variouſly interpreted, and is ſuppoſed to contain ſome allegorical meaning.

† Medicines to break wind.

‡ Medicines to provoke urine.

Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The time when wants of nature preſs;
But after marriage practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before,
To keep her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.
  In bed we left the married pair;
'Tis time to ſhew how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That Fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
Reſolv'd to make his firſt attack,
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph ſo chaſte as Chloe,
With conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
Reſiſtance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right;
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed:
Yet ſome aſſign a diff'rent reaſon,
That Strephon choſe no proper ſeaſon.
  Say, Fair-ones! muſt I make a pauſe,
Or freely tell the ſecret cauſe?
  Twelve cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point muſt needs be ſettled firſt;
The bride muſt either void or burſt.

Then ſee the dire effects of peaſe,
Think what can give the colic eaſe.
The nymph oppreſs'd before, behind,
As ſhips are toſs'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by Nature led,
And brings a veſſel into bed:
Fair utenſil! as ſmooth and white
As Chloe's ſkin, almoſt as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a moſſy cliff diſtil,
Cry'd out, " Ye Gods! what ſound is this?
" Can Chloe, heav'nly Chloe! ———?"
But when he ſmelt a noiſome ſteam,
Which oft' attends that lukewarm ſtream,
(Salerno * both together joins,
As ſov'reign med'cines for the loins)
And tho' contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his ears, yet ſtruck his noſe:
He found her, while the ſcent increas'd,
As mortal as himſelf at leaſt:
But ſoon with like occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other ſide,
And as he fill'd the reeking vaſe,
Let fly a rouſer in her face.

* *Vide Schol. Salern.* Rules of Health, written by the School of Salernum.
Mingere cum bumbis res eſt ſaluberrima lumbis.

The little Cupids hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove) with garlands crown'd,
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bow'rs
Dress'd up with amaranthine flow'rs.
How great a change, how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade;
They soon from all constraint are freed,
Can see each other do their need:
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With int'rest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd,
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
Fair Decency! celestial maid!
Descend from heav'n to Beauty's aid;

Tho' Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire;
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.
To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birthday gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended ready cut and dry:
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after,
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.
O Strephon! ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but thro' a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face
Which Nature gives in such a case,
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy;

And, 'ſpite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
  Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent,
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide,
More than from all the world beſide *.
  Unjuſtly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds ſo ſhort a reign;
Is after marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon;
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down;
Tho', by the politicians' ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at pow'r ſupreme,
Thoſe arts by which at firſt they gain it
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.
  What various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true.
  Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour;

* If virtue, as ſome writers pretend, be that which produces happineſs, it muſt be granted that to practiſe decency is a moral obligation; and if virtue conſiſts in obedience to a law, as the nuptial laws enjoin both parties to avoid offence, decency will ſtill be duty, and the breach of it will incur ſome degree of guilt. *Hawkeſ.*

Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect;
Some ſhew they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.
But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool,
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils;
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
  Why is a handſome wife ador'd
By ev'ry coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire,
Shews Sheba's queen completely dreſt,
And Solomon in royal veſt;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door,
Punch is as exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's Duke and Prince of Greece*.
  A prudent builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt,
And carefully obſerve the ground
To build on ſome foundation ſound.
What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?

* For the ſame reaſon many an handſome wife is neglected for an homely miſtreſs, who better knows her intereſt, and conſiders love as her trade. *Hawkeſ.*

What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a basis unsecure?
Rash Mortals! ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away,
Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?
  On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round.
  Let prudence with good nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive;
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still;
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO:

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED.

Written in the year 1731.

Apollo, god of Light and Wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymists by their books;
As handsome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.

His wig was made of ſunny rays;
He crown'd his youthful head with bays.
Not all the court of heav'n could ſhow
So nice and ſo complete a beau.
No heir upon his firſt appearance,
With twenty thouſand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he ſold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand:
The ſpokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were ſilver, and the axle gold.
(I own 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more.)
  Yet with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thouſand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in love.
  Three weighty cauſes were aſſign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muſes always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found 'em.
His ſinging was another fault,
For he could reach to B in alt;
And, by the ſentiments of Pliny,
Such ſingers are like Nicolini.
At laſt the point was fully clear'd;
In ſhort, Apollo had no beard.

JUDAS.

Written in the year 1731.

By the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies,
Poor Biſhop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a-tribe;
Which tho' his conſcience forc'd him to reſtore,
(And parſons tell us no man can do more)
Yet thro' deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhopric, and hang'd or burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ much from this;
Judas betray'd his Maſter with a kiſs;
But ſome have kiſs'd the Goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe perjury's the leaſt of all their crimes:
Some who can perjure thro' a two-inch board,
Yet keep their biſhoprics, and 'ſcape the cord.
Like hemp, which by a ſkilful ſpinſter drawn
To ſlender threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.
As ancient Judas by tranſgreſſion fell,
And burſt aſunder ere he went to hell,
So could we ſee a ſet of new Iſcariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots,
Each modern Judas periſh like the firſt,
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burſt,
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, Lo! Judas gone to his own place:
His habitation let all men forſake,
And let his biſhopric another take.

ON MR. PULTENEY

BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL.

Written in the year 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will. Pulteney's teaſings,
Who interrupted him in all his leaſings,
Reſolv'd that Will. and he ſhould meet no more,
Full in his face Bob. ſhuts the council-door,
Nor lets him ſit as juſtice on the bench,
To puniſh thieves, or laſh a ſuburb wench.
Yet ſtill St. Stephen's Chapel open lies
For Will. to enter——What ſhall I adviſe?
E'en quit the Houſe, for thou too long haſt ſat in't;
Produce at laſt thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy maſter's throne in ſhelter plac'd,
Let Will. unheard by thee, his thunder waſte.
Yet ſtill I fear your work is done but half,
For while he keeps his pen you are not ſafe.
  Hear an old fable, and a dull one too,
Yet bears a moral when apply'd to you.
  A Hare had long eſcap'd purſuing hounds,
By often ſhifting into diſtant grounds,
Till finding all his artifices vain,
To ſave his life he leap'd into the main;
But there, alas! he could no ſafety find,
A pack of dog-fiſh had him in the wind.

He ſcours away, and, to avoid the foe,
Deſcends for ſhelter to the ſhades below.
There Cerberus lay watching in his den;
(He had not ſeen a Hare the Lord knows when)
Out bounc'd the maſtiff of the triple head;
Away the Hare with double ſwiftneſs fled.
Hunted from earth, and ſea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for ſafety to the ſkies.
How was the fearful animal diſtreſt!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the reſt;
Syrius, the ſwifteſt of the heav'nly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to ſeize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but firſt it coſt him dear;
He left his ſcut behind, and half an ear.
  Thus was the Hare purſu'd, tho' free from guilt;
Thus, Bob. ſhalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt:
Then, honeſt Robin! of thy corpſe beware;
Thou art not half ſo nimble as a Hare:
Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the ſky,
Nor can you go to hell before you die:
So keen thy hunters, and thy ſcent ſo ſtrong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot ſave thee long.

TO MR. GAY *.

Written in the year 1731.

How could you, Gay, diſgrace the Muſes' train,
To ſerve a taſteleſs court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our female friend ſincere,
Till Bob. the poet's foe, poſſeſs'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
To loſe an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to chuſe
For thee, than make a dry-nurſe of thy Muſe?
How cheaply had thy liberty been ſold,
To 'ſquire a royal girl of two years old,
In leading-ſtrings her infant ſteps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble ſide by ſide?
But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune and preſerv'd thy fame;
Nor will your nobler gifts be miſapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treaſure you preſide:
The world ſhall own his choice was wiſe and juſt,
For ſons of Phœbus never break their truſt.
Not love of beauty leſs the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames,
Their paſſions not more impotent and cold
Than thoſe of poets to the luſt of gold.

* The Author having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queenſberry had employed Mr. Gay to inſpect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and ſtewards, (which, however, proved afterwards to be a miſtake) writ to Mr. Gay the above poem.

With Pæan's pureſt fire his fav'rites glow,
The dregs will ſerve to ripen ore below;
His meaneſt work; for had he thought it fit
That wealth ſhould be the appendage of wit,
The god of Light could ne'er have been ſo blind
To deal it to the worſt of human-kind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.
And, firſt; to make my obſervation right,
I place a ſtateſman full before my ſight,
A bloated miniſter in all his geer,
With ſhameleſs viſage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And oſtrich-like his all-digeſting maw.
My fancy drags this monſter to my view,
To ſhew the world his chief reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning ſounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous ſtreams of mud,
With theſe the court and ſenate-houſe he plies,
Made up of noiſe, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me ſhew how Bob. and you agree;
You ſerve a potent prince as well as he.
The ducal coffers, truſted to your charge,
Your honeſt care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt,
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a nation's revenues are paid;
The ſervant's faults are on the maſter laid:

The people with a ſigh their taxes bring,
And curſing Bob. forget to bleſs the king.
  Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires
With ſervants, tenants, and the neighb'ring 'ſquires.
Let all domeſtics feel your gentle ſway,
Nor bribe, inſult, nor flatter, nor betray:
Let due reward to merit be allow'd,
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
Nor think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong,
By telling noſes with a party ſtrong.
  Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade,
At leaſt before your maſter's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace, built with charge immenſe,
Preſume to treat him at his own expenſe.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquiſites amount:
The tenants poor, the hardneſs of the times,
Are ill excuſes for a ſervant's crimes.
With int'reſt, and a premium paid beſide,
The maſter's preſſing wants muſt be ſupply'd:
With haſty zeal behold the ſteward come
By his own credit to advance the ſum,
Who, while th' unrighteous Mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his pow'r will never end.
A faithful treas'rer! what could he do more?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
  The law ſo ſtrictly guards the monarch's health,
That no phyſician dares preſcribe by ſtealth:

The council ſit, approve the doctor's ſkill,
And give advice before he gives the pill:
But the ſtate-emp'ric acts a ſafer part,
And while he poiſons wins the royal heart.
  But how can I deſcribe the rav'nous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
  Suppoſe your lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty buſ'neſs to ſome neighb'ring friend,
Preſume not, Gay, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
  Should ſome imperious neighbour ſink the boats,
And drain the fiſh-ponds while your maſter dotes,
Shall he upon the ducal rights entrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
  Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury or ſooth his pride;
Nor at an under-rate his timber ſell,
And with an oath aſſure him all is well;
Or ſwear it rotten, and with humble airs
Requeſt it of him to complete your ſtairs;
Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.
  Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue of genuine miniſterial kind
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich,
And when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.

A dext'rous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
Huſh-money ſends to all the neighbours round;
His maſter, unſuſpicious of his pranks,
Pays all the coſt, and gives the villain thanks:
And ſhould a friend attempt to ſet him right,
His lordſhip would impute it all to ſpite;
Would love his fav'rite better than before,
And truſt his honeſty juſt ſo much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate
Are ſunk by premier miniſters of ſtate.
Some, when an heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And as they robb'd the father rob the ſon.
A knave who deep embroils his lord's affairs
Will ſoon grow neceſſary to his heirs.
His policy conſiſts in ſetting traps,
In finding ways and means, and ſtopping gaps:
He knows a thouſand tricks whene'er he pleaſe,
Tho' not to cure yet palliate each diſeaſe.
In either caſe an equal chance is run,
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy ſink;
No cleanly workman can endure the ſtink.
A ſtrong dilemma in a deſp'rate caſe!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who ſcarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel ſplit;
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.

In ev'ry court the parallel will hold,
And kings, like private folks, are bought and ſold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be caſhier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd,
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs,
For vengeance more embroils than ſkill repairs:
So robbers, (and their ends are juſt the ſame)
To 'ſcape inquiries, leave the houſe in flame.
I knew a brazen miniſter of ſtate
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate:
In ev'ry mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, When will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride;
While he went robbing on old maſter dy'd:
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the miniſter is out.
The court invited more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spenſer? or will you? or you?
But not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
The ſubtle knave had all the plunder ſwept:
And ſuch was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
The candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe;
But when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruption round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus when a greedy ſloven once has thrown
His ſnot into the meſs, 'tis all his own.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, *Nov.* 23. 1731, *at night.*

WHEN I left you, I found myſelf of the grape's juice ſick;
I'm ſo full of pity, I never abuſe ſick;
And the patienteſt patient that ever you knew ſick,
Both when I am purge-ſick and when I am ſpue-ſick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew ſick;
She mended at firſt, but now ſhe's a-new ſick.
Captain Butler made ſome in the church black and blue ſick;
Dean Croſs, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-ſick.
Are not you, in a crowd, when you ſweat and ſtew, ſick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when ſhe grew ſick,
And as faſt as ſhe could to the Deanery flew ſick.
Miſs Morice was (I can aſſure you 'tis true) ſick;
For who would not be in that numerous crew ſick?
Such muſic would make a fanatic or Jew ſick,
Yet ladies are ſeldom at ombre or loo ſick:
Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er ſhe does brew ſick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruiſe ſick,
And look'd like a rake who was made in the ſtews ſick.
But you learned doctors can make whom you chuſe ſick;

Poor I myſelf! I was, when I withdrew, ſick,
For the ſmell of them made me like garlic and rue ſick;
And I got thro' the crowd, tho' not led by a clue, ſick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) ſick;
But there were not a dozen (to give 'em their due) ſick,
And thoſe, to be ſure, ſtuck together like glue, ſick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they ſqueeze and they ſcrew, ſick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pail hue, ſick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, ſick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23. at night.

If I write any more it will make my poor Muſe ſick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew ſick,
And I wiſh I may ſoon be not of an ague ſick;
But I hope I ſhall ne'er be, like you, of a ſhrew ſick,
Who often has made me, by looking aſkew, ſick.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, *Pray diſcruciate what follows.*

I.

The dulleſt beaſt, and gentleman's liquor,
When young, is often due to the vicar.

II.

The dulleſt of beaſts, and ſwine's delight,
Make up a bird very ſwift of flight.

III.

The dulleſt beaſt, when high in ſtature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a uſeful creature.

IV.

The dulleſt beaſt, and a party diſtreſt,
When too long, is bad at beſt.

V.

The dulleſt beaſt, and the ſaddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

VI.

The dulleſt beaſt, and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horſe go, tho' he be not fat.

VII.

The dulleſt of beaſts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Iriſhmen ſwear.

VIII.

The dulleſt beaſt, and fam'd college for Teagues,
Is a perſon very unfit for intrigues.

IX.

The dulleſt beaſt, and a cobler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for ſchool,
In ſummer is very pleaſant and cool.

X.

The dulleſt beaſt, and that which you kiſs,
May break a limb of maſter or miſs.

XI.

Of ſerpent-kind, and what at diſtance kills,
Poor Miſtreſs Dingley oft' hath felt its bills.

XII.

The dulleſt beaſt, and eggs unſound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

XIII.

The dulleſt beaſt, and what covers a houſe,
Without it a writer is not worth a louſe.

XIV.

The dulleſt beaſt, and ſcandalous vermin,
Of roaſt or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

XV.

The dulleſt beaſt, and what's cover'd with cruſt,
There's no body but a fool that would truſt.

XVI.

The dulleſt beaſt, mending highways,
Is to an horſe an evil diſeaſe.

XVII.

The dulleſt beaſt, and a hole in the ground,
Will dreſs a dinner worth five pound.

XVIII.

The dulleſt beaſt, and what, doctors pretend,
The cook-maid often has by the end.

XIX.

The dulleſt beaſt, and fiſh for Lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

XX.

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear. 42

Wednesday night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1731 *.

Old Latimer preaching, did fairly describe
A bishop who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why, truly, 'tis Satan, Archbishop of Hell;
And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our B———ps resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim Grace, for a pound to a penny
You'd swear it must be the baboon of K———y.
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
I wish I could find him out one more commodious:
But this I am sure, the Most Rev'rend Old Dragon
Has got on the bench many B———ps suffragan,

* This poem was first printed in Fog's Journal of the 17th of September 1733: the subject of it is now over, but our Author's known zeal against that project made it to be generally supposed his. It was occasioned by the Bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings, which bill was rejected by the Irish House of Commons.

And all men believe he preſides there *incog.*
To give them, by turns, an inviſible jog.
Our B——ps, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with ſpur,
In vain——for the devil a parſon would ſtir:
So the Commons unhors'd them, and this was their doom,
On their croſiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
Tho' they gallopp'd ſo faſt, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good Grace, Lord Car, and Lord Howard,
In ſpite of the devil would ſtill be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.
When Chriſt was betray'd to Pilate the Prætor,
Of a dozen apoſtles but one prov'd a traitor;
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven,
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy, forſooth, muſt take up with their [leavings.
If making diviſions was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant;
And ſo may ſuch B——ps for ever divide,
That no honeſt Heathen would be on their ſide.

How ſhould we rejoice, if, like Judas the firſt,
Thoſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder ſhould burſt?
Now hear an alluſion.——A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you conſider, our emblem is right;
The B——ps divide, but the clergy unite.
Should the bottom be ſplit, our B—ps would dread
That the mitre would never ſtick faſt on their head;
And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a ſov'reign,
As Machiavel taught 'em, Divide, and ye govern.
But courage, my L—ds; tho' it cannot be ſaid
That one cloven tongue ever ſat on your head,
I'll hold you a groat, and I wiſh I could ſee't,
If your ſtockings were off you could ſhew cloven feet.
"But hold," cry the B—ps, "and give us fair play;
"Before you condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
"What truer affection could ever be ſhown
"Than ſaving your ſouls by damning our own?
"And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you?
"With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain
"Provided a fund for building you 'ſpitals; [you,
"You are only to live four years without victuals."
Content, my good L—ds! but let us change hands;
Firſt take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bleſs the church, and three of our mitres;
And God bleſs the Commons for biting the biters.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION

TO THE PRIEST,

On observing how most men mistake their own talents.

Written in the year 1732.

THE PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a fluttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffeehouses, who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens, but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by chusing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians; and four thousand five hundred profound scholars; not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a

ſuburb-whore. What are we to think of the fine dreſſed ſparks, proud of their own perſonal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the contraſt of wearing ſcarlet and gold, with what they call toupees on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women, ſome of them with hump-backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces diſtorted! I have ſeen many of theſe inſipid pretenders entering into converſation with perſons of learning, conſtantly making the groſſeſt blunders in every ſentence, without conveying one ſingle idea fit for a rational creature to ſpend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology and geography even of preſent times. I compute that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy-kind for one among us in Dublin, beſides two-thirds of ours tranſplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the article of dunces by forty to one; and, what is more, to our further mortification, there is not one diſtinguiſhed fool of Iriſh birth or education who makes any noiſe in that famous metropolis, unleſs the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is ſeldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engroſs the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new ſet. This hath been the conſtant progreſs for at leaſt thirty years paſt, only allowing for the change of breed and faſhion.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION, &c.

Advertiſement.

THE following Poem is grounded upon the univerſal folly of mankind in miſtaking their talents; by which the Author doth a great honour to his own ſpecies, almoſt equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confeſſeth; and yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by ſpecifying four animals, the Wolf, the Aſs, the Swine, and the Ape, all equally miſchievous, except the laſt, who outdoes them in the article of cunning; ſo great is the pride of Man!

WHEN Beaſts could ſpeak, (the learned ſay
They ſtill can do ſo ev'ry day)
It ſeems they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command
That ev'ry ſubject in the land
Should to the Prieſt confeſs their ſins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins.
" Good Father! I muſt own with ſhame
" That often I have been to blame:
" I muſt confeſs on Friday laſt,
" Wretch that I was! I broke my faſt;
" But I defy the baſeſt tongue
" To prove I did my neighbour wrong,
" Or ever went to ſeek my food
" By rapine, theft, or thirſt of blood."

The Aſs approaching next confeſs'd
That in his heart he lov'd a jeſt:
A wag he was, he needs muſt own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not ſpare,
And might perhaps be too ſevere:
But yet, the worſt that could be ſaid,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And if it be a ſin or ſhame,
Nature alone muſt bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is ſorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too ſhort,
Which could he to the ſtandard bring,
He'd ſhew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none diſputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
The Swine with contrite heart allow'd
His ſhape and beauty made him proud;
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice;
In ev'ry turn of life content,
And meekly took what Fortune ſent:
Inquire thro' all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true he hated ſloth like peaſe.
The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter;

Much of the cens'ring world complain'd,
Who ſaid his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels:
He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee it,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet:
He found his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's rage.
The Goat advanc'd with decent pace,
And firſt excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance or natural defect,
Not by his frigid conſtitution,
But thro' a pious reſolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chaſtity, as monks do now,
Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As ſtrictly too as doth his Reverence.
Apply the tale, and you ſhall find
How juſt it ſuits with human-kind.
Some faults we own, but can you gueſs,
——Why virtue's carried to exceſs?

Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Tho' neither foe nor friend allows us.
 The Lawyer ſwears, you may rely on't,
He never ſqueez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his conſtant rule,
For which his brethren call him Fool:
His conſcience always was ſo nice,
He freely gave the poor advice,
By which he loſt, he may affirm,
An hundred fees laſt Eaſter term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick diſpatch;
Ne'er kept a cauſe, he well may boaſt,
Above a term or two at moſt.
 The cringing Knave, who ſeeks a place
Without ſucceſs, thus tells his caſe:
Why ſhould he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd becauſe he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly underſtood,
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the miniſters reſent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
 The Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Tho' it would raiſe him to the lawn:

He paſs'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wiſe,
Preferment get, and ſpare his eyes;
But own'd he had a ſtubborn ſpirit,
That made him truſt alone in merit;
Would riſe by merit to promotion:
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confeſs'd a ſin: and, God forgive him!
Call'd up at midnight, ran to ſave
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But ſee how Satan ſpreads his ſnares!
He quite forgot to ſay his pray'rs.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parſon's part;
Quotes from the Bible many a ſentence,
That moves his patients to repentance;
And when his med'cines do no good,
Supports their minds with heav'nly food;
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended,
And grown ſo bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a ſeat,
Says grace before and after meat,
And calls, without affecting airs,
His houſehold twice a-day to pray'rs.

He ſhuns apothecaries' ſhops,
And hates to cram the ſick with ſlops;
He ſcorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my Lady's fav'rite maid:
Old nurſe-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the 'ſquire,
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their ſhame.
 The Stateſman tells you with a ſneer,
His fault is to be too ſincere;
And, having no ſiniſter ends,
Is apt to diſoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his maſter's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the ſchemes he had in view,
Yet he was ſeconded by few:
Tho' ſome had ſpread a thouſand lies,
'Twas he defeated the Exciſe;
'Twas known, tho' he had borne aſperſion,
That ſtanding troops were his averſion:
His practice was, in ev'ry ſtation,
To ſerve the king and pleaſe the nation.
Tho' hard to find in ev'ry caſe
The fitteſt man to fill a place,
His promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the ſpot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said he affected popularity:

'Tis true the people underſtood
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is loſt on either ſide.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out ev'ry year;
Muſt at the rate that he goes on
Inevitably be undone.
Oh! if his Majeſty would pleaſe
To give him but a Writ of Eaſe,
Would grant him licenſe to retire,
As it hath long been his deſire,
By fair accounts it would be found
He's poorer by ten thouſand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no ſin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it baſe for men in ſtations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his deareſt mother,
And ev'ry virtuous man his brother:
Thro' modeſty or awkward ſhame,
(For which he owns himſelf to blame)
He found the wiſeſt men he could,
Without reſpect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chuſe.
  The Sharper ſwore he hated play,
Except to paſs an hour away;

And well he might, for, to his coft,
By want of fkill he always loft:
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thoufand feats;
Could change the ftock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the fharpeft eye:
No wonder how his fortune funk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
I own the moral not exact;
Befides, the tale is falfe in fact;
And fo abfurd, that could I raife up
From fields Elyfian fabling Æfop,
I would accufe him to his face
For libelling the four-foot race:
Creatures of ev'ry kind but our's
Well comprehend their nat'ral pow'rs,
While we, whom reafon ought to fway,
Miftake our talents ev'ry day.
The Afs was never known fo ftupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid,
Nor leap upon his mafter's lap,
There to be ftroak'd and fed with pap,
As Æfop would the world perfuade;
He better underftands his trade;
Nor comes whene'er his lady whiftles,
But carries loads, and feeds on thiftles.
Our Author's meaning, I prefume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis* *;

* A definition of a man difapproved by all logicians:
Homo eft animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu.

Wherein the moraliſt deſign'd
A compliment on human-kind;
For here he owns, that now and then
Beaſts may degen'rate into men.*

THE HARDSHIP PUT UPON THE LADIES.

Written in the year 1733.

Poor Ladies! tho' their bus'neſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy night and day:
Why ſhould they want the privilege of men,
Nor take ſome ſmall diverſions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not I can ſee no cauſe)
The men ſhould ſlave at cards from morn till night,
And female pleaſures be to read and write.

VERSES WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT,

Occaſioned by the preſent of a Paper Book from the Earl of Orrery, and a Silver Standiſh from Dr. Delany, 1733.

A Paper Book is ſent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil;
Delany ſends a Silver Standiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh:
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a Muſe deceas'd;

* See Gulliver in his account of the Houyhnhnms.

And let the friendly lines they writ
In praiſe of long-departed wit,
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes,
To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The Vandals of the preſent age.

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER-PROTESTANTS,

AND

FELLOW-CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly uſed by the advocates for the repeal of the Teſt Act in Ireland.*

Written in the year 1733.

An inundation, ſays the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable:
Whole ricks of hay and ſtacks of corn
Were down the ſudden current borne,
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together flote with tide and wind:
The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,
And ſail'd with litter ſide by ſide,

* This Poem ſo provoked one B——, a lawyer, and member of the Iriſh parliament, that he ſwore he would revenge himſelf either by murdering or maiming the Author. On this thirty of the inhabitants of the Liberty of St. Patrick's waited on the Dean, with a paper ſubſcribed by them, in which they engaged to defend his perſon and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

Uniting all, to ſhew their amity,
As in a general calamity!
A ball of new-dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, Brother, how we apples ſwim!"
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliffe ſcorns:
"Not for the world!—We doctors, Brother,
"Muſt take no fees of one another."
Thus to a Dean ſome curate ſloven
Subſcribes, Dear Sir! Your brother loving;
Thus all the footmen, ſhoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry We courtiers:
Thus Horace in the Houſe will prate,
Sir, We the miniſters of ſtate:
Thus at the bar that blockhead B——,
Tho' half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his Brother Serjeant!
And thus fanatic ſaints, tho' neither in
Doctrine nor diſcipline our brethren,
Are Brother Proteſtants and Chriſtians
As much as Hebrews and Philiſtines;
But in no other ſenſe than Nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body ſuck their food,
But is a louſe your fleſh and blood?

Tho' born of human filth and ſweat, it
May as well be ſaid man did beget it;
But maggots in your noſe and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
  Yet critics may object, Why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot,
Which made our ſwarm of ſects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they Engliſh, Iriſh, Scottiſh,
What Proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the church theſe clouds are gath'ring,
To call a ſwarm of lice his Brethren?
  As Moſes, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the duſt to lice;
And as our ſects, by all deſcriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden duſt they ſpring,
And turn'd to lice infeſt the king;
For pity's ſake it would be juſt
A rod ſhould turn them back to duſt.
  Let folks in high or holy ſtations
Be proud of owning ſuch relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe 'em;
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to Corruption—Thou'rt my father;
For he that has ſo little wit
To nouriſh vermin may be bit.

ON POETRY: A RHAPSODY *.

Written in the year 1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits:
Young's Universal Passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain! could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years,
While ev'ry fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft' debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide;
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there,

* The lines in this Poem printed with inverted commas, are published from the Manuscript.

And where his genius leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole deſigns.
Not empire to the riſing ſun
By valour, conduct, fortune, won;
Not higheſt wiſdom in debates
For framing laws to govern ſtates;
Not ſkill in ſciences profound,
So large to graſp the circle round,
Such heav'nly influence require
As how to ſtrike the Muſe's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baſtard of a pedler Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of Bridewell or the ſtews;
Not infants dropt, the ſpurious pledges
Of gypſies litt'ring under hedges,
Are ſo diſqualify'd by Fate
To riſe in church, or law, or ſtate,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blaſted with poetic fire.
What hope of cuſtom in the fair,
While not a ſoul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life or public uſe?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no proviſion;
The wealthy have you in deriſion;

Of ſtate-affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was juſt one annual hundred pound *;
Now nor ſo much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grubſtreet line.
  Poor ſtarvling Bard! how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a ſimile comes pat in;
Tho' chickens take a month to fatten,
The gueſts in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
  How ſhall a new attempter learn
Of diff'rent ſpirits to diſcern?
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The poet's vein or ſcribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd ſinner
Inſtructing thus a young beginner.

* Paid to the Poet-laureate, which place was given to Mr. Colley Cibber, a player.

Consult yourself, and if you find
A pow'rful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or hum'rous lines;
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown;
Then rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair:
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with num'rous breaks—and dashes.—
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*:
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
But when in CAPITALS exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest;
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant,
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modiſh dreſs,
Correctly fitted for the preſs,
Convey by penny-poſt to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the coſt,
You need not fear your labour loſt:
And how agreeably ſurpris'd
Are you to ſee it advertis'd!
The hawker ſhews you one in print,
As freſh as farthings from the mint,
The product of your toil and ſweating,
A baſtard of your own begetting.
Be ſure at Will's the foll'wing day
Lie ſnug, and hear what critics ſay,
And if you find the gen'ral vogue
Pronounces you a ſtupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit ſtill, and ſwallow down your ſpittle:
Be ſilent as a politician,
For talking may beget ſuſpicion;
Or praiſe the judgment of the Town,
And help yourſelf to run it down;—
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker ſide:
For poems read without a name
We juſtly praiſe or juſtly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuſe;

And ſince you ne'er provok'd their ſpight,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab you are undone,
Conſider what a riſk you run;
You loſe your credit all at once,
The Town will mark you for a dunce;
The vileſt dogg'rel Grubſtreet ſends
Will paſs for your's with foes and friends,
And you muſt bear the whole diſgrace,
Till ſome freſh blockhead takes your place.
  Your ſecret kept, your poem ſunk,
And ſent in quires to line a trunk,
If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail; yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third:
But firſt with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The ſimilies that nothing fit;
The cant which ev'ry fool repeats,
Town-jeſts, and coffeehouſe conceits;
Deſcriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why;
Or where we find your fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;

A public or a private robber,
A ſtateſman or a South-Sea jobber;
A pr-l-te, who no God believes;
A p—m—t or den of thieves;
A pickpurſe at the bar or bench,
A duchefs or a ſuburb-wench;
" An Houſe of P—rs, a gaming crew,
" A griping ——— or a Jew."
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink,
Like ſtepping-ſtones to ſave a ſtride
In ſtreets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece to ſupport
A cripple, with one foot too ſhort;
Or like a bridge that joins a mariſh
To moorlands of a diff'rent pariſh.
So have I ſeen ill-coupled hounds
Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds;
So geographers in Afric maps
With ſavage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But tho' you miſs your third eſſay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aſide all thoughts of fame,
To ſpring more profitable game.
From party-merit ſeek ſupport;
The vileſt verſe thrives beſt at court:

And may you ever have the luck
To rhyme almoſt as ill as Buck;
And tho' you never learn'd to ſcan verſe,
Come out with ſome lampoon on D'Anvers.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the ſale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
Diſplay the bleſſings of the nation,
And praiſe the whole adminiſtration:
Extol the bench of B——ps round;
Who at them rail, bid —— confound:
To B——p-haters anſwer thus,
(The only logic us'd by us)
What tho' they don't believe in ——,
Deny them Proteſtants—thou lieſt.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits ev'ry virtue round,
As emblems of the ſov'reign pow'r,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r;
Is gen'rous, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies:
His humble Senate this profeſſes
In all their ſpeeches, votes, addreſſes;
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom,
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.

The loads of poems in his praiſe,
Aſcending, make one funeral blaze;
His panegyrics then are ceaſt;
He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beaſt:
As ſoon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns d—l in hell:
And, lo! his miniſters of ſtate,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait,
Where, in the ſcenes of endleſs woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they ſail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote.
To Cerberus they give a ſop,
His triple barking mouth to ſtop;
Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams *
Project Exciſe and South-Sea ſchemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To ſet Elyſium by the ears.
  Then, Poet! if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muſe on kings alive,
With prudence gath'ring up a cluſter
Of all the virtues you can muſter,
Which form'd into a garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet,
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will ſmile, and think them all his own;

* Sunt geminae ſomni portae, &c.
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephante *Virg.*

For law and gofpel doth determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine;
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who fhall depofe it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But if you think this trade too bafe,
(Which feldom is the dunce's cafe)
Put on the critic's brow, and fit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a fhrug, a fcornful fmile,
With caution us'd, may ferve a while:
Proceed no farther in your part
Before you learn the terms of art,
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place;
Get fcraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Ariftotle's Rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wife Dennis, and profound Boffu:
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For thefe our critics much confide in,
(Tho' merely writ at firft for filling,
To raife the volume's price a fhilling.)

A forward critic often dupes us
With ſham quotations Peri Hupſous *,
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magiſterially outſhine us.
Then, leſt with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from Boileau's tranſlation †,
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with deciſive air,
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle ſubmits :
He gives directions to the Town
To cry it up or run it down ;
Like courtiers when they ſend a note,
Inſtructing members how to vote ;
He ſets the ſtamp of bad and good,
Tho' not a word be underſtood.
Your leſſon learn'd, you'll be ſecure
To get the name of Connoiſſeur,
And when your merits once are known,
Procure diſciples of your own ;
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread thro' Auguſta Trinobantum ‡,

* A famous treatiſe of Longinus.
† By Mr. Welſted.
‡ The ancient name of London.

Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to juſt nine thouſand ſouls:
Theſe o'er their proper diſtricts govern,
Of wit and humour judges ſov'reign.
In ev'ry ſtreet a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indiſputed rights extend
Thro' all the lane from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his ſhrewdneſs
For ſongs of loyalty and lewdneſs;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Altho' he never learn'd to ſpell.
Two bord'ring wits contend for glory,
And one is Whig and one is Tory;
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By lovers ſpoke in Punch's booth;
And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentiſh Town;
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate ſhines to Temple-bar;
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday ſtrains;
Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace,
Where Pope will never ſhow his face,

Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves or lose his penſion.
But theſe are not a thouſandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper ſtation,
And all in due ſubordination,
Thro' ev'ry alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground,
And when they join their pericranies,
Out ſkips a book of Miſcellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that ev'ry creature
Lives in a ſtate of war by nature;
The greater for the ſmaller watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match.
A whale of mod'rate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geeſe his belly crams;
A wolf deſtroys a thouſand lambs;
But ſearch among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the baſe,
If on Parnaſſus' top you ſit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior ſize
On you ſhall rail and criticiſe,
And ſtrive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only teaſe and pinch
Their foes ſuperior by an inch.

So nat'ralists observe a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on 'em prey,
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind,
Who, tho' too little to be seen,
Can tease and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grubstreet at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born,
And all their brother-dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grubstreet! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee;
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country like a Scot,
Tho' by their idiom and grimace
They soon betray their native place;
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them than they of thee,

Degen'rate from their ancient brood,
Since firſt the court allow'd them food.
  Remains a difficulty ſtill,
To purchaſe fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time
How few have reach'd the low ſublime!
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place ſupply'd;
And leſt a chaſm ſhould intervene,
When death had finiſh'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the Hollow Tree *!
But, ah! how unſecure thy throne!
A thouſand bards thy right diſown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncinea to a common-weal,
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal priv'lege to deſcend.
  In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheeſe,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worſe and worſe they fall;
But who can reach to worſt of all?
For tho' in nature depth and height
Are equally held infinite,

* Lord Grimſton, author of a play called Love in an Hollow Tree.

In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For inſtance; when you raſhly think
No rhymer can like Welſted ſink,
His merits balanc'd, you ſhall find
The Laureate * leaves him far behind.
Concanen, more aſpiring bard!
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops,
The reſt purſue as thick as hops;
With heads to points the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre,
And as their heels elated riſe,
Their heads attempt the nether ſkies.
O what indignity and ſhame,
To proſtitute the Muſe's name!
By flatt'ring k—s, whom Heav'n deſign'd
The plagues and ſcourges of mankind,
Bred up in ignorance and ſloth,
And ev'ry vice that nurſes both.
" Perhaps you ſay Auguſtus ſhines,
" Immortal made in Virgil's lines,
" And Horace brought the tuneful quire
" To ſing his virtues on the lyre,
" Without reproach for flattery, true,
" Becauſe their praiſes were his due:

* In ſome editions, inſtead of the *Laureate*, was maliciouſly inſerted *Mr. Fielding*, for whoſe ingenious writings the Author hath manifeſted a great eſteem.

"For in thoſe ages k——s we find
"Were animals of human-kind,
"But now go ſearch all E-r--pe round
"Among the ſavage monſters——
"With vice polluting every th--ne
"(I mean all——s except our own)
"In vain you make the ſtricteſt view
"To find a ——— in all the crew
"With whom a footman out of place
"Would not conceive an high diſgrace,
"A burning ſhame, a crying ſin,
"To take his morning's cup of gin.
  "Thus all are deſtin'd to obey
"Some beaſt of burthen or of prey.
  "'Tis ſung Prometheus, forming man,
"Thro' all the brutal ſpecies ran,
"Each proper quality to find
"Adapted to an human mind,
"A mingled maſs of good and bad,
"The beſt and worſt that could be had,
"Then from a clay of mixture baſe
"He ſhap'd a——— to rule the race,
"Endu'd with gifts from ev'ry brute
"That beſt the ** nature ſuit.
"Thus think on———s, the name denotes
"Hogs, aſſes, wolves, baboons, and goats,
"To repreſent in figure juſt,
"Sloth, folly, rapine, miſchief, luſt.

"Oh! were they all but Neb-cadnezers,
"What herds of ——s would turn to grazers!"
Fair Britain! in thy monarch bleſt,
Whoſe virtues bear the ſtricteſt teſt,
Whom never faction could beſpatter,
Nor miniſter nor poet flatter.
What juſtice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of ſpirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Thro' all his figure, mien, and face!
Tho' peace with olive binds his hands,
Confeſs'd the conqu'ring hero ſtands:
Hydaſpes, Indus, and the Ganges*,
Dread from his hand impending changes:
From him the Tartar and Chineſe,
Short by the knees entreat for peace†;
The conſort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddeſs born and bred,
Appointed ſov'reign judge to ſit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldeſt hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he ſhown,
Before his downy beard was grown!

* ——Super et Garamantas et Indos
Proferet imperium, &c.
——Jam nunc et Caſpia regna
Reſponſis horrent divum, &c.

† Genibus minor, &c.

Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun;
An heir for Britain to ſecure
As long as ſun and moon endure.
  The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood;
Bright goddeſſes, in number five;
Duke William, ſweeteſt prince alive!
  Now ſing the miniſter of ſtate *,
Who ſhines alone without a mate.
Obſerve with what majeſtic port
This Atlas ſtands to prop the court,
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius †, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king!
Thy praiſes ev'ry Muſe ſhall ſing.
In all affairs thou ſole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector!
Tho' ſmall the time thou haſt to ſpare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a ſtock
You chuſe to rule the ſable flock!
You raiſe the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the ſteerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourſelf with humbler place.

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.
† Unus homo nobis cunctando reſtituit rem.

Now learning, valour, virtue, ſenſe,
To titles give the ſole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchſafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breaſt and ſides Herculean
He fix'd the ſtar and ſtring cerulean.
   Say, Poet! in what other nation
Shone ever ſuch a conſtellation!
Attend, ye Popes! and Youngs! and Gays!
And tune your harps and ſtrow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flatt'ry's ſide:
Above the ſtars exalt your ſtyle,
You ſtill are low ten thouſand mile.
On Lewis all his bards beſtow'd
Of incenſe many a thouſand load,
But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And ſwore the fawning raſcals ly'd:
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious Poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand times below it.
   Tranſlate me now ſome lines if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan;
They could all pow'r in heav'n divide,
And do no wrong to either ſide:
They teach you how to ſplit a hair,
Give G——e and Jove an equal ſhare *.

* Diviſum imperium cum Jove Cæſar habet.

Yet why ſhould we be lac'd ſo ſtrait?
I'll give my m——n——ch better weight.
And reaſon good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here;
Nor, tho' his prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we deſire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolſton gave us arms to rout him.

Cetera deſiderantur.

AN ANSWER

TO A SCANDALOUS POEM,

(Dr. Sheridan's New Simile for the Ladies.)

Wherein the author moſt audaciouſly preſumes to caſt an indignity upon their Highneſſes the Clouds, by comparing them to a woman.

WRITTEN BY DERMOT O-NEPHELY,

CHIEF CAP OF HOWTH *.

Written in the year 1733.

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and inſolence you ſhow
Inferior mortals there below:
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or ſo loud as theirs?

* The higheſt point of Howth is called the Cap of Howth.

Alas! our thunder ſoon goes out,
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worſe,
That drives you not to pray, but curſe?
We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt diſcharg'd the ſky grows clear;
But ev'ry ſublunary dowdy,
The more ſhe ſcolds the more ſhe's cloudy.
 Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal,
Compar'd for miſchief, to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noſes dig out notches?
We leave the body ſweet and ſound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
 You know a cloudy ſky beſpeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretel a ſtorm to laſt till night.
 A cloud in proper ſeaſons pours
His bleſſings down in fruitful ſhow'rs;
But woman was by Fate deſign'd
To pour down curſes on mankind.
 When Syrius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire aſſwages;
But woman is a curs'd inflamer;
No pariſh ducking-ſtool can tame her:

To kindle ſtrife Dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks ſhe can burn in water.
  For fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
Who for our conſtancy are famous?
You'll ſee a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the ſame face an hour together,
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change ev'ry feature ev'ry ſecond.
  Obſerve our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you gueſs from woman's air,
One minute whether foul or fair?
  Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we poſſeſs'd of old.
  To diſappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dreſs'd a cloud in Juno's ſhape,
Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore
No goddeſs could have pleas'd him more:
No diff'rence could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen:
His cloud produc'd a race of Centaurs
Fam'd for a thouſand bold adventures,
From us deſcended *ab origine*,
By learn'd authors call'd *Nubigenæ*.
But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to paſs for Juno?
  Before Æneas durſt aſpire
To court her Majeſty of Tyre,

His mother begg'd of us to drefs him,
That Dido might the more carefs him:
A coat we gave him dy'd in grain,
A flaxen wig and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)
With which he made a tearing fhow,
And Dido quickly fmok'd the beau.
  Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth fo fair as Iris?
With heav'nly beauty fo endu'd?
And yet her father is a cloud:
We drefs'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's fav'rite maid.
  'Tis known that Socrates the wife
Ador'd us clouds as deities;
To us he made his daily pray'rs,
As Ariftophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worfhip other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below:
You follow where we pleafe to guide;
O'er all your paffions we prefide,
Can raife them up or fink them down,
As we think fit to fmile or frown;

And just as we dispose your brain
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as hell;
Ev'n Jove and Mercury his pimp
No higher climb than Mount Olymp,
(Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! He kiss their a—es)
While we o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least;
And when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen-windows;
Or to Parnassus looking down,
Can p—ss upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky.
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Tho' Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four:
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin.

But we can fly where'er we pleaſe,
O'er cities, rivers, hills and ſeas:
From eaſt to weſt the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With ſunſhine, rain, and hail, or ſnow.
You, when it rains, like fools believe
Jove p-ſſ-s on you through a ſieve;
An idle tale; 'tis no ſuch matter;
We only dip a ſpunge in water,
Then ſqueeze it cloſe between our thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes.
As you ſhall to your ſorrow know,
We'll watch your ſteps where'er you go;
And ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We'll ſoundly ſouce your frieze ſurtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace
That Phœbus ever ſhews his face;
For when we pleaſe we open wide
Our curtains blue from ſide to ſide,
And then how ſaucily he ſhows
His brazen face and fiery noſe,
And gives himſelf a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair.
'Tis ſung wherever Celia treads,
The vi'lets ope their purple heads,
The roſes blow, the cowſlip ſprings;
'Tis ſung, but we know better things.

'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often p—ſs upon a nettle;
But tho' we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we by ſoft prolific ſhow'rs
Can ev'ry ſpring produce you flow'rs.
  Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
  But gods, like us, have too much ſenſe
At poets' flights to take offence;
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
  We own your verſes are melodious,
But ſuch compariſons are odious.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC,

AND

DESCRIPTION,

OF THE LEGION-CLUB, 1735.

As I ſtroll the city, oft' I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bowſhot from the college,
Half the globe from ſenſe and knowledge;

By the prudent architect
Plac'd againſt the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jeſt,
Near the church—You know the reſt.
  Tell us what the pile contains;
Many a head that holds no brains.
Theſe demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
Such aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noiſe, and ſuch haranguing,
When a brother-thief is hanging;
Such a rout and ſuch a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far leſs villain's noſe.
  Could I from the building's top
Hear the ratt'ling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery-red
Crack the ſtones and melt the lead,
Drive them down on ev'ry ſcull,
While the den of thieves is full,
Quite deſtroy that harpies' neſt,
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For divines allow that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;

And the Gofpel will inform us
He can punifh fins enormous.
  Yet fhould Swift endow the fchools
For his lunatics and fools
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may ftand.
You perhaps will afk me, Why fo?
But is it with this provifo;
Since the houfe is like to laft,
Let a royal grant be paft,
That the Club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paffage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
  Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for pin;
While they fit a-picking ftraws,
Let them rave of making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ftarve the city;
Let them ftare, and ftorm, and frown,
When they fee a clergy-gown;
Let them, ere they crack a loufe,
Call for th' orders of the Houfe;
Let them with their gofling quills
Scribble fenfelefs heads of bills:

We may, while they ſtrain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their—— ——.
Let Sir ———, that rampant aſs,
Stuff his guts with flax and graſs,
But before the prieſt he fleeces
Tear the Bible all to pieces.
At the parſons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a ſhoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile ſeducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuſer;
Lay thy p—v—ge aſide,
Sprung from Papiſt regicide,
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raiſe the dirt about your hole.
Come, aſſiſt me, Muſe obedient!
Let us try ſome new expedient;
Shift the ſcene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy pow'r.
Thither, gentle Muſe! conduct me;
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.
See, the Muſe unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the ſoul *,
Styx! thro' hell whoſe waters roll,
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder cell.

* Di, quibus imperium eſt animarum, &c.
Sit mihi fas audita loqui. *Virg.* lib. iv.

Near the door an entrance gapes *,
Crowded round with antic ſhapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Cauſeleſs Joy, and true Deſpair;
Diſcord periwig'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtrides ſhe takes.
By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
And reſolv'd to break their pates †,
Ere we enter'd at the gates,
Had not Clio in the nick
Whiſper'd me, Lay down your ſtick.
"What," ſaid I, "is this the madhouſe?"
"Theſe," ſhe anſwer'd, "are but ſhadows,
"Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
"Empty viſions of the brain."
In the porch Briareus ſtands,
Shews a bribe in all his hands ‡;
Briareus the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him C——.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put on a fool's diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,

* Veſtibulum ante ipſum, &c. *Virg.* lib. iv.
† Et ni docta comes, &c. *Ibid.*
‡ Et centumgeminus Briareus, &c. *Ibid.*

When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,
Roaring till their lungs were ſpent,
P——e of P——t,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durſt a Muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Tho' a goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a fright ſhe crept away;
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.
  When I ſaw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a-crown,
" Now," ſaid I, " we are alone,
" Name your heroes one by one.
  " Who is that hell-featur'd brawler,
" Is it Satan?" " No, 'tis ——."
" In what figure can a bard dreſs
" Jack the grandſon of Sir H——s?

" Honeſt Keeper! drive him further,
" In his looks are hell and murther;
" See the ſcowling viſage drop,
" Juſt as when he murther'd T——p.
  " Keeper, ſhew me where to fix
" On the puppy pair of Dicks;
" By their lantern jaws and leathern,
" You might ſwear they both are brethren:
" Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the play'r,
" Old acquaintance! are you there?
" Dear companions! hug and kiſs,
" Toaſt Old Glorious in your piſs.
" Tie 'em, Keeper, in a tether,
" Let 'em ſtarve and ſtink together;
" Both are apt to be unruly,
" Laſh 'em daily, laſh 'em duly:
" Tho' 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
" Scorpion-rods perhaps may tame them.
  " Keeper, yon' old dotard ſmoke,
" Sweetly ſnoring in his cloak.
" Who is he?" "'Tis Humdrum ——
" Half encompaſs'd by his kin:
" There obſerve the tribe of B*,
" For he never fails to bring 'em;
" While he ſleeps the whole debate,
" They ſubmiſſive round him wait,
" Yet would gladly ſee the hunks
" In his grave, and ſearch his trunks.

"See, they gently twitch his coat,
"Juſt to yawn, and give hi ——
"Always firm in his vocation,
"For the c—— againſt the n——.
"Thoſe are * * Jack and Bob,
"Firſt in ev'ry wicked job,
"Son and brother to a queer
"Brainſick brute they call a Peer.
"We muſt give them better quarter,
"For their anceſtor trod mortar,
"And at H——th, to boaſt his fame,
"On a chimney cut his name.
"There ſit * *, * *, and H——n,
"How they ſwagger from their garriſon!
"Such a triplet could you tell,
"Where to find on this ſide hell?
"H——n, and ——, and ——."
"Keeper, ſee they have their payments:
"Ev'ry miſchief's in their hearts;
"If they fail 'tis want of parts."
Bleſs us! M——n! art thou there, man?
Bleſs mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to yon' damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful ſight! what, learned M——n
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon!
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a ſtone:

Haſt thou been ſo long at ſchool
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Ev'ry young divine thy brother;
Thou, a diſobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like an harlot!
Thou, ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown rev'rend preachers!
M———n, would it not ſurpriſe one?
Turn thy nouriſhment to poiſon!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them faſt, or from their ſhelves
They'll come down to right themſelves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Ev'ry Greek and Roman author.
Will you in your faction's phraſe
Send the clergy all to graze?
And, to make your project paſs,
Leave them not a blade of graſs?
  How I want thee, hum'rous Hogart!
Thou, I hear, a pleaſant rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;

Draw the beaſts as I deſcribe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I aſſure ye
You will need no caricatura;
Draw them ſo, that we may trace
All the ſoul in ev'ry face.
"Keeper, I muſt now retire,
"You have done what I deſire;
"But I feel my ſpirits ſpent
"With the noiſe, the ſight, the ſcent."
"Pray be patient; you ſhall find
"Half the beſt are ſtill behind:
"You have hardly ſeen a ſcore,
"I can ſhew two hundred more."
"Keeper, I have ſeen enough."
Taking then a pinch of ſnuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their god, the d—l, confound 'em.
Take them, Satan, as your due,
All except the Fifty-two.

THE LIFE AND GENUINE CHARACTER OF THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

Written by himself.

Advertisement.

THE Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift, written by himself, being very much inquired after by his Friends, many of whom pretended to have genuine copies, although he never suffered any of them to take one, the following was published with breaks, dashes, and triplets, (which the Author never made use of) to disguise his manner of writing; by which, however, they were deceived, although the genuine one was not published until the year 1739: but, in order to oblige the reader, we published the following, (although he would not own it) which the best judges allow hath many fine strokes of wit and humour.

To the Reader.

THIS poetical account of the Life and Character of the Rev. Dr. Swift, so celebrated through the world for his many ingenious writings, was occasioned by a maxim of Rochefoucault, and is now published from the Author's last correct copy, being dedicated by the publisher to Alexander Pope of Twickenham, Esq.

TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

OF TWICKENHAM, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

AS you have been long an intimate friend of the Author of the following Poem, I thought you would not be displeased with being informed of some particulars how he came to write it, and how I, very innocently, procured a copy.

It seems the Dean, in conversation with some friends said he could guess the discourse of the world concerning his character after his death, and thought it might be no improper subject for a poem. This happened above a year before he finished it, for it was written by small pieces, just as leisure or humour allowed him.

He shewed some parts of it to several friends, and when it was completed he seldom refused the sight of it to any visitor; so that, probably, it hath been perused by fifty persons; which being against his usual practice, many people judged, likely enough, that he had a desire to make the people of Dublin impatient to see it published, and at the same time to disappoint them; for he never would be prevailed on to grant a copy, and yet several lines were retained by memory, and are often repeated in Dublin.

It is thought that one of his servants, in whom he had great confidence, and who had access to his closet, took an opportunity, while his master was riding some miles out of town, to transcribe the whole Poem; and it is probable that the servant lent it to others, who were not trusty, (as is generally the case.) By this accident I having got a very correct copy from a friend in Dublin, lie under no obligation to conceal it.

I have shewn it to very good judges, friends of the Dean, (if I may venture to say so to you, who are such a superior judge and poet) who are well acquainted with the Author's style and manner, and they all allow it to be genuine, as well as perfectly finished and correct, his

particular genius appearing in every line, together with his peculiar way of thinking and writing.

I ſhould be very ſorry to offend the Dean, although I am a perfect ſtranger to his perſon; but ſince the Poem will infallibly be ſoon printed, either here, or in Dublin, I take myſelf to have the beſt title to ſend it to the preſs, and I ſhall direct the printer to commit as few errors as poſſible. I am, Sir, with the greateſt reſpect,

your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

L. M.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF DR. SWIFT.

Upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault.

WISE Rochefoucault a Maxim writ,
Made up of malice, truth, and wit:
If what he ſays be not a joke,
We mortals are ſtrange kind of folk.
But hold.——Before we farther go,
'Tis fit the Maxim we ſhould know.

He ſays, " Whenever Fortune ſends
" Diſaſters to our deareſt friends,
" Altho' we outwardly may grieve,
" We oft' are laughing in our ſleeve."
And when I think upon't, this minute,
I fancy there is ſomething in it.
We ſee a comrade get a fall,
Yet laugh our hearts out one and all.
Tom for a wealthy wife looks round,
A nymph that brings ten thouſand pound:
He no where could have better pick'd;
A rival comes, and Tom—is nick'd——
See how behave his friends profeſt,
They turn the matter to a jeſt;
Loll out their tongues, and thus they talk,
"Poor Tom has got a plaguy baulk——!"
I could give inſtances enough
That human friendſhip is but ſtuff.
Whene'er a flatt'ring puppy cries
You are his deareſt friend ——, he lies:
To loſe a guinea at piquet
Would make him rage, and ſtorm, and fret,
Bring from his heart ſincerer groans
Than if he heard you broke your bones.
Come, tell me truly, would you take well,
Suppoſe your friend and you were equal,
To ſee him always foremoſt ſtand,
Affect to take the upper hand,

And strive to pass in public view
For much a better man than you?
Envy, I doubt, would pow'rful prove,
And get the better of your love:
'Twould please your palate, like a feast,
To see him mortify'd at least.——
'Tis true, we talk of friendship much,
But who are they that can keep touch?——
True friendship in two breasts requires
The same aversions and desires:
My friend should have, when I complain,
A fellow-feeling of my pain.
Yet, by experience, oft' we find
Our friends are of a diff'rent mind;
And were I tortur'd with the gout,
They'd laugh to see me make a rout,
Glad that themselves could walk about.
Let me suppose two special friends,
And each to poetry pretends;
Would either poet take it well
To hear the other bore the bell?——
His rival for the chiefest reckon'd,
Himself pass only for the second?——
When you are sick, your friends, you say,
Will send their Howd'ye's ev'ry day:
Alas! that gives you small relief——
They send for manners—not for grief:—
Nor if you dy'd would fail to go
That ev'ning to a puppet-show:——

Yet come in time to ſhew their loves,
And get a hatband, ſcarf, and gloves.
  To make theſe truths the better known,
Let me ſuppoſe the caſe my own.
  The day will come when't ſhall be ſaid,
" D'ye hear the news?—the Dean is dead.—
" Poor man! he went all on a ſudden.—
" H'as dropp'd, and giv'n the crow a pudden.
" What money was behind him found?
" I hear about two thouſand pound.———
" 'Tis own'd he was a man of wit—
" Yet many a fooliſh thing he writ———
" And ſure he muſt be deeply learn'd.—
" That's more than ever I diſcern'd.—
" I know his neareſt friends complain
" He was too airy for a Dean.———
" He was an honeſt man, I'll ſwear.———
" Why, Sir, I differ from you there;
" For I have heard another ſtory;
" He was a moſt confounded Tory.—
" Yet here we had a ſtrong report
" That he was well received at court.———
" Why, then it was, I do aſſert,
" Their goodneſs more than his deſert.———
" He grew, or elſe his comrades ly'd,
" Confounded dull—before he dy'd.
  " He hop'd to have a lucky hit,
" Some medals ſent him for his wit;
" But truly there the Dean was bit———

"And yet, I think, for all your jokes,
"His claim as good as other folks.———
"Muſt we the Drapier then forget?
"Is not our nation in his debt?
"'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters.——
"He ſhould have left them for his betters;
"We had an hundred abler men,
"Nor need depend upon his pen.———
"Say what you will about his reading,
"You never can defend his breeding,
"Who in his ſatires running riot,
"Could never leave the world in quiet———
"Attacking when he took the whim,
"Court, city, camp, all one to him.———
"But why ſhould he, except he ſlobber'd,
"Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert!
"Whoſe counſels aid the ſov'reign pow'r,
"To ſave the nation ev'ry hour?
"What ſcenes of evil he unravels,
"In ſatires, libels, lying Travels!
"Not ſparing his own clergy-cloth,
"But eats into it like a moth.———
"If he makes mankind bad as elves,
"I anſwer, they may thank themſelves:
"If vice can ever be abaſh'd,
"It muſt be ridicul'd or laſh'd.
"But if I chance to make a ſlip,
"What right had he to hold the whip?

“ If you reſent it who's to blame?
“ He neither knew you nor your name.
“ Should vice expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
“ Becauſe its owner is a duke?
“ Vice is a vermin, ſportſmen ſay;
“ No vermine can demand fair play,
“ But ev'ry hand may juſtly ſlay.”
  “ I envy not the wits who write
“ Merely to gratify their ſpite;
“ Thus did the Dean; his only ſcope
“ Was to be held a miſanthrope:
“ This into gen'ral odium drew him,
“ Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him:
“ This gave him enemies in plenty,
“ Throughout two realms nineteen in twenty.
“ His zeal was not to laſh our crimes,
“ But diſcontent againſt the times:
“ For had we made him timely offers,
“ To raiſe his poſt or fill his coffers,
“ Perhaps he might have truckled down,
“ Like other brethren of his gown.
“ For party he would ſcarce have bled—
“ I ſay no more—becauſe he's dead.—
  “ But who could charge him to his face,
“ That e'er he cring'd to men in place?
“ His principles, of ancient date,
“ Ill ſuit with thoſe profeſs'd of late:
“ The Pope, or Calvin, he'd oppoſe,
“ And thought they both were equal foes;

" That church and ſtate had ſuffer'd more
" By Calvin than the Scarlet Whore;
" Thought Popiſh and fanatic zeal
" Both bitter foes to Britain's weal.
" The Pope would of our faith bereave us—
" But ſtill our monarchy would leave us—
" Not ſo the vile fanatic crew,
" That ruin'd church and monarch too.
" Suppoſing theſe reflections juſt,
" We ſhould indulge the Dean's diſguſt,
" Who ſaw this factious tribe careſs'd,
" And lovers of the church diſtreſs'd—
" The patrons of the good old cauſe
" In ſenates ſit, in making laws;
" The moſt malignant of the herd
" In ſureſt way to be preferr'd—
" And preachers find a better quarter
" For railing at the Royal Martyr.
" Whole ſwarms of ſects, with grief, he ſaw,
" More favour'd than the church by law;
" Thought Proteſtant too good a name
" For canting hypocrites to claim,
" Whoſe proteſtation hides a ſting
" Deſtructive to the church and king;
" Which might as well, in his opinion,
" Become an Atheiſt or Socinian.
" A Proteſtant's a ſpecial clinker;
" It ſerves for ſceptic and freethinker;

“ It ſerves for ſtubble, hay, and wood;
“ For ev'ry thing—but what it ſhould.
“ What Writings has he left behind?
“ I hear they're of a different kind.
“ A few in verſe, but moſt in proſe—
“ Some high-flown pamphlets, I ſuppoſe—
“ All ſcribbled in the worſt of times,
“ To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
“ To praiſe Queen Anne; nay, more, defend her,
“ As never fav'ring the Pretender—
“ Or libels, yet conceal'd from ſight—
“ Againſt the court, to ſhew his ſpite;
“ Perhaps his Travels, Part the Third,
“ A lie at ev'ry ſecond word,
“ Offenſive to a loyal ear—
“ But—not one ſermon, you may ſwear.—
“ Sir, our accounts are diff'rent quite,
“ And your conjectures are not right;
“ 'Tis plain his Writings were deſign'd
“ To pleaſe and to reform mankind;
“ And if he often miſs'd his aim,
“ The world muſt own it, to their ſhame,
“ The praiſe is his, and theirs the blame.
“ Then ſince you dread no further laſhes,
“ You freely may forgive his aſhes.”

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1689 to 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

THE ELEPHANT:

OR, THE PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many years since.

TAKEN FROM COKE'S INSTITUTES.

Ere bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.
" Observe an Elephant," says he,
" And let like him your member be.
" First take a man that's free from gall,
" For Elephants have none at all:
" In flocks or parties he must keep,
" For Elephants live just like sheep;
" Stubborn in honour he must be,
" For Elephants ne'er bend the knee:
" Last, let his memory be found,
" In which your Elephant's profound,
" That old examples from the wise
" May prompt him in his Noes and Ayes."
Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyers' wit,
And then with Latin, and all that,
Shews the comparison is pat.
Yet in some points my Lord is wrong;
One's teeth are sold, and t'other's tongue:

Now men of Parliament, God knows,
Are more like Elephants of ſhows,
Whoſe docile memory and ſenſe
Are turn'd to trick to gather pence.
To get their maſter half a crown,
They ſpread their flag or lay it down:
Thoſe who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practiſe ev'ry pliant geſture,
Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry teſter.
Siam, for Elephants ſo fam'd,
Is not with England to be nam'd;
There Elephants by men are ſold;
Ours ſell themſelves, and take the gold.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

I.

Pope has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

II.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent ſtudies chuſe;
The Dean ſits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muſe.

III.

Now backs of letters, tho' deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

IV.

Each atom, by ſome other ſtruck,
All turns and motions tries,
Till in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a poem riſe!

V.

Yet to the Dean his ſhare allot,
He claims it by a canon,
" That without which a thing is not,
" Is *cauſa ſine qua non.*"

VI.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For had our deaf divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

VII.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd
The ſexton reaſon'd well,
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he rang the bell.

ON THE
COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON
CUTTING PAPER.

I.

Pallas grew vap'rifh once, and odd;
She would not do the leaft right thing
Either for goddefs or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor fing.

II.

Jove frown'd, and "Ufe (he cry'd) thofe eyes
"So fkilful, and thofe hands fo taper;
"Do fomething exquifite and wife."—
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut Paper.

III.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heav'n a burning fhame,
What does fhe next, but bids on earth
Her Burlington do juft the fame?

IV.

Pallas, you give yourfelf ftrange airs;
But fure you'll find it hard to fpoil
The fenfe and tafte of one that bears
The name of Savile and of Boyle.

V.

Alas! one bad example fhown,
How quickly all the fex purfue!
See, Madam! fee the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you.

THE STORM:

MINERVA'S PETITION.

Pallas, the goddeſs chaſte and wiſe,
Deſcending lately from the ſkies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a Storm;
A Storm to drown that raſcal——
And ſhe would kindly thank him for't;
A wretch! whom E——gl——h rogues to ſpite her,
Had lately honour'd with a m——tre.
The god, who favour'd her requeſt,
Aſſur'd her he would do his beſt;
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the b——p lov'd a w——,
And had enlarg'd her empire wide,
Nor own'd a deity beſide;
By ſea or land if e'er you found him
Without a miſtreſs, hang or drown him.
Since B———'s death the ———'s bench
Till ——— arriv'd ne'er kept a wench;
If he muſt ſink, ſhe grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one ſingle prelate;
For to ſay truth ſhe did intend him
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam.*
Then Proteus urg'd the ſame requeſt,
But half in earneſt, half in jeſt;

Said he—" Great Sovereign of the Main!
" To drown him all attempts are vain,
" ——can aſſume more forms than I,
" A rake, a bully, pimp, or ſpy;
" Can creep or run, can fly or ſwim;
" All motions are alike to him:
" Turn him adrift, and you ſhall find
" He knows to ſail with ev'ry wind;
" Or throw him overboard, he'll ride
" As well againſt as with the tide.
" But, Pallas, you've apply'd too late,
" For 'tis decreed by Jove and Fate
" That I——d muſt be deſtroy'd,
" And who but —— can be employ'd?
" You need not then have been ſo pert,
" In ſending B—lt—n to Cl—f—t;
" I found you did it by your grinning;
" Your bus'neſs is to mind your ſpinning.
" But how you came to interpoſe
" In making b—ps, no one knows.
" And if you muſt have your petition,
" There's B—k—y in the ſame condition;
" Look, there he ſtands, and 'tis but juſt
" If one muſt drown the other muſt;
" But if you'll leave us B—p Judas,
" We'll give you B—k—y for Bermudas *.

* Dr. B—k—y was then full of his project of erecting a college at Bermudas.

" Now if 'twill gratify your ſpite,
" To put him in a plaguy fright,
" Altho' 'tis hardly worth the coſt,
" You ſoon ſhall ſee him ſoundly toſt.
" You'll find him ſwear, blaſpheme, and damn
" (And ev'ry moment take a dram)
" His ghoſtly viſage with an air
" Of reprobation and deſpair;
" Or elſe ſome hiding hole he ſeeks,
" For fear the reſt ſhould ſay he ſqueaks;
" Or as F———k * did before,
" Reſolve to periſh with his wh—;
" Or elſe he raves, and roars, and ſwears,
" And but for ſhame would ſay his pray'rs.
" Or would you ſee his ſpirits ſink,
" Relaxing downwards in a ſt—k?
" If ſuch a ſight as this can pleaſe ye,
" Good Mrs. Pallas! pray be eaſy;
" To Neptune ſpeak, and he'll conſent;
" But he'll come back the knave he went."
The goddeſs, who conceiv'd an hope
That ——— was deſtin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it beſt to condeſcend
To ſpare a foe to ſave a friend;
But fearing B—k—y might be ſcar'd,
She left him Virtue for a guard.

* Brigadier F—k was drowned coming from England.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

ALL folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a Hell, but diſpute of the place;
But if Hell may by logical rules be defin'd
The Place of the Damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the Damn'd do chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd ſenators brib'd, damn'd proſtitute ſlaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd 'ſquires;
Damn'd ſpies and informers, damn'd friends, and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villains corrupted in every ſtation;
Damn'd time-ſerving prieſts all over the nation:
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates and counſellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parſons be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe marks the Place of the Damn'd;
And Hell to be ſure is at Paris or Rome:
How happy for us that it is not at home!

AN APOLOGY.

A LADY wiſe as well as fair,
Whoſe conſcience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment;

So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But you must know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession;
And if you'ad heard the man discourse
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell,
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before,
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.
 The message told, he gapes and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour,
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town,
Passes the lower castle-yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,

His ſpirits of a ſudden fail'd him :
He ſtopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the meſſage I receiv'd ?
Why, certainly the Captain rav'd ?
To dine with her ! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.
Or may be I miſtook the word ;
My Lady—it muſt be my Lord.
My Lord's abroad ; my Lady too :
What muſt th' unhappy Doctor do ?
" Is Capt. Crach'rode here *, pray?"—" No."
Nay, then 'tis time for me to go.
Am I awake, or do I dream ?
I'm ſure he call'd me by my name ;
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak,
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.
Why, what a jeſt ſhould I have been
Had now my Lady been within ?
What could I've ſaid ? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—ſhe'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt ;
Well, then, I'll e'en go home and faſt,
And ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls, " Crach'rode ! is the Doctor come ?"
He had not heard of him.——" Pray ſee,
" 'Tis now a quarter after three "

* The gentleman who brought the meſſage.

The Captain walks about, and ſearches
Thro' all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain—no Doctor's to be found.
My Lady could not chuſe but wonder;
"Captain, I fear you've made ſome blunder:
"But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
"I'll try his manners once again;
"If rudeneſs be th' effect of knowledge,
"My ſon ſhall never ſee a college."
The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another meſſage brought;
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dreſs'd, and ſtealing thro' the crowd,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,
Panting—and falt'ring—humm'd and ha'd:
Her Ladyſhip was gone abroad;
The Captain too—He did not know
Whether he ought to ſtay or go;
Begg'd ſhe'd forgive him. In concluſion,
My Lady, pitying his confuſion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him ſhe thought ſhe might believe him,
And would not only grant his ſuit,
But viſit him and eat ſome fruit;

Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpoſe to oppoſe,
She'd hear of no excuſe in proſe.
The Doctor ſtood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So bowing, ſeemingly comply'd,
Tho' if he durſt he had deny'd.
But firſt reſolv'd to ſhew his taſte
Was too refin'd to give a feaſt;
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expenſe,
Or pride or vain magnificence;
For well he knew to ſuch a gueſt
The plaineſt meals muſt be the beſt.
To ſtomachs clogg'd with coſtly fare
Simplicity alone is rare,
Whilſt high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats:
Inſtead of ſpoils of Perſian looms,
The coſtly boaſts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and diſcreet
To ſcatter roſes at her feet;
Roſes of richeſt dye, that ſhone
With native luſtre like her own;
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Thro' every ſenſe to reach the heart.

The gracious Dame, tho' well ſhe knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd ev'ry thing—at leaſt thought fit
To praiſe it *par maniere d'acquit:*
Yet ſhe, tho' ſeeming pleas'd, can't bear
The ſcorching ſun or chilling air;
Diſturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he ſhews or hides his beams:
Tho' ſeeming pleas'd at all ſhe ſees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And ſcarce can ſpeak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
"Madam, the mighty pow'r of uſe
"Now ſtrangely pleads in my excuſe.
"If you, unus'd, have ſcarcely ſtrength
"To gain this walk's untoward length;
"If frighten'd at a ſcene ſo rude,
"Thro' long diſuſe of ſolitude;
"If, long confin'd to fires and ſcreens,
"You dread the waving of theſe greens;
"If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
"Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
"Do now ſolicitouſly ſhun
"The cooler air and dazzling ſun;
"If his majeſtic eye you flee,
"Learn hence t' excuſe and pity me.

"Conſider what it is to bear
"The powder'd courtier's witty ſneer;
"To ſee th' important man of dreſs
"Scoffing my college awkwardneſs;
"To be the ſtrutting cornet's ſport,
"To run the gauntlet of the court,
"Winning my way by ſlow approaches,
"Thro' crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
"From the firſt fierce cockaded centry,
"Quite thro' the tribe of waiting gentry;
"To paſs ſo many crowded ſtages,
"And ſtand the ſtaring of your pages;
"And, after all, to crown my ſpleen,
"Be told——you are not to be ſeen;
"Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
"The awe of your majeſtic air:
"And can I then be faulty found
"In dreading this vexatious round?
"Can it be ſtrange if I eſchew
"A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new!
"Or is he criminal that flies
"The living luſtre of your eyes?"

TIM AND THE FABLES.

FROM THE TENTH INTELLIGENCER.

My meaning will be beſt unravell'd
When I premiſe that Tim has travell'd.

In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim ſet the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a fable,
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The Monkey who had ſeen the World;
(For Tonſon had, to help the ſale,
Prefix'd a cut to ev'ry tale.)
The Monkey was completely dreſs'd,
The beau in all his airs expreſs'd.
Tim with ſurpriſe and pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the glaſs, and then comparing
His own ſweet figure with the print,
Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry feature in't,
The twiſt, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge, and all,
Juſt as they look'd in the original.
" By ——— ſays Tim, (and let a f—)
" This graver underſtood his art:
" 'Tis a true copy, I'll ſay that for't;
" I well remember when I ſat for't.
" My very face, as firſt I knew it;
" Juſt in this dreſs the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale with moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave;
" The curſed villain! now I ſee
" This was a libel meant at me:

"Thoſe ſcribblers grow ſo bold of late
"Againſt us miniſters of ſtate!
"Such Jacobites as he deſerve——
"Damme, (I ſay) they ought to ſtarve."
Dear Tim! no more ſuch angry ſpeeches,
Unbutton, and let down your breeches;
Tear out the tale, and wipe your a—;
I know you love to act a farce.

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE

CUT ON PAPER.

To fair Lady Betty Dan ſat for his Picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft' as he piqu'd her;
He knew ſhe'ad no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
"Come ſit," ſays my Lady, then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trice, Sir.
Dan ſat with attention, and ſaw, with ſurpriſe,
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his [eyes;
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty obſerv'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin;
And to make roaſted ſilk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe.

And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
"Well, that's but my outſide," ſays Dan, with a vapour.
"Say you ſo?" ſays my Lady; "I've lin'd it with paper.

P—D— *ſculp.*

ANOTHER.

Clarissa draws her ſciſſars from the caſe,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackſon's face:
One ſloping cut made forehead, noſe, and chin,
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's meaſure you have ſeen:
But ſtill were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worſted ſtocking paint ſupplies.
Th' unravell'd thread thro' needle's eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſteboard-head.
How came the ſciſſars to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan———
You'd ſwear the paſteboard was the better man.
"The devil," ſays he, "the head is not ſo full—"
"Indeed it is, behold the paper ſcull."

THO. S———N *ſculp.*

ANOTHER.

Dan's evil genius in a trice
Had ſtripp'd him of his coin at dice;

Chloe obſerving this diſgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face;
"By G——," ſays Dan, "'tis very hard,
"Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. R——D *ſculp.*

ON THE FOREGOING PICTURE.

I.

Whilst you three merry poets traffic
To give us a deſcription graphic
Of Dan's large noſe in modern Sapphic,

II.

I ſpend my time in making ſermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

III.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in Engliſh, French, and Scotch, for't,
At laſt I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

IV.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell who was it could direct her
To draw the face of ſuch a ſpectre.

V.

I muſt confeſs that as to me, Sirs,
Tho' I ne'er ſaw her hold the ſciſſars,
I now could ſafely ſwear it is her's.

VI.

'Tis true no noſe could come in better;
'Tis a vaſt ſubject ſtuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

VII.

Take courage, Dan, this plainly ſhows
That not the wiſeſt mortal knows
What fortune may befal his noſe.

VIII.

Shew me the brighteſt Iriſh toaſt
Who from her lover e'er could boaſt
Above a ſong or two at moſt:

IX.

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praiſe the cheeks, chin, noſe, the bridge, and all,
Both of the Picture and original.

X.

Thy noſe's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan! that ev'ry friend
Tries who ſhall have it by the end.

XI.

And future poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with envy and ſurpriſe,
Thy noſe outſhining Celia's eyes.

DAN JACKSON'S ANSWER.

My verſe little better you'll find than my face is;
A word to the wiſe, ut pictura poeſis.

Three merry lads, with envy ſtung,
Becauſe Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verſe to rhyme it down,
And in its place ſet up their own,
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cauſe their ſpite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is moſt true,
They were inſpir'd by what they drew.
Let then ſuch critics know, my face
Gives them their comelineſs and grace,
Whilſt ev'ry line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they ſing.
But yet, methinks, tho' with diſgrace
Both to the Picture and the face,
I name the men who do rehearſe
The ſtory of the Picture-farce.
The 'ſquire in French as hard as ſtone,
Or ſtrong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very briſk, Sirs,
Becauſe on them you play at whiſt, Sirs.

But much I wonder why my cranny
Should envy'd be by De-l-any;
And yet much more that half name-ſake
Should join a party in the freak:
For ſure I am it was not ſafe
Thus to abuſe his better half,
As I ſhall prove you, Dan, to be
Diviſim and conjunctively;
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the caſe, whene'er you ſee
Dan makes nothing of Sherry,
Or ſhould Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sheridane;
'Tis hard then he ſhould be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his ſide;
But if the caſe muſt be ſo hard,
That faces ſuffer by a card,
Let critics cenſure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

DAN JACKSON'S REPLY.

WRITTEN BY THE DEAN

In the name of Dan Jackſon.

Weary'd with ſaying grace and pray'r,
I haſten'd down to country air,
To read your Anſwer, and prepare
Reply to't.

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I much suspect you mean the latter;
ah, Sly-boot!
It must be so; what else, alas!
Can mean my culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilette, glass,
and box-comb?
But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daub, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?
I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it.
Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone!
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,
who'd bear it?
'Tis true, indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise to make amends,
And yet before your stanza ends
you flout me
'Bout latent charms beneath my clothes;
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me.

I paſs now where you ſneer and laugh,
'Cauſe I call Dan my better half:
Oh, there you think you have me ſafe!
but hold, Sir;
Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my moſt profound
and bold Sir,
Dan's noble mettle, Sherry baſe;
So Dan's the better, tho' the leſs:
An ounce of gold's worth ten of braſs,
dull pedant.
As to your ſpelling, let me ſee,
If SHE makes ſher, and RI makes ry;
Good Spelling-maſter! your cranny
has lead in't.

ANOTHER REPLY BY THE DEAN,

IN DAN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for anſwer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated;
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaſter?
Henceforth acknowledge that a noſe
Of thy dimenſion's fit for proſe;
But ev'ry one that knows Dan knows
thy maſter.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines,
And fly with hurry to Racines;
Thy fame, thy genius, now declines,
proud boaster.
I hear with some concern your roar,
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, Sir.
Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on.
I maul'd you when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff;
For know prostration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

WRITTEN BY THE DEAN.

Cedo jam, miserae cognoscens praemia rixae,
Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Perltion and greeting.

I.

To you victorious and brave,
Your now subdu'd and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon,

Who when I fought ſtill cut me down,
And when I vanquiſh'd fled the town,
Purſu'd and laid me hard on.

II.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry Peccavi,
And, proſtrate, ſupplicate *pour ma vie;*
Your mercy I rely on.
For you, my conqu'ror and my king,
In pard'ning, as in puniſhing,
Will ſhew yourſelf a lion.

III.

Alas! Sir, I had no deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in,
For ſpite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd 'ſquire with the hard name;
The devil too that ow'd me a ſhame,
The devil and Delany;

V.

They tempted me t'attack your Highneſs,
And then, with wonted wile and ſlyneſs,
They left me in the lurch.
Unhappy wretch! for now I ween
I've nothing left to vent my ſpleen
But ferula and birch;

V.

And they, alas! yield ſmall relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew;

For ev'ry ſtroke goes to my heart,
And at each laſh I feel the ſmart
Of laſh laid on by you.

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

I.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and ſpell his name,
But Dick had ſeen the college.

II.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the beſt at farting.

III.

Dick would cock his noſe in ſcorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a footboy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

IV.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was beſt at borees;
Tom would pray for ev'ry Whig,
And Dick curſe all the Tories.

V.

Dick would make a woeful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;

Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in fubjection.

IV.

Tom could move with lordly grace
Dick nimbly ſkip the gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn face,
But Dick could better ſputter.

VII.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd phyſician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

VIII.

Tom had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His cane upon a button.

IX.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

X.

Dick with zealous Noes and Ayes
Could roar as loud as Stentor;
In the Houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK A MAGGOT.

As when from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively Maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout;
So when the grandson of his grandsire
Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcansir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawney hide,
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal;
For as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down ev'ry mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in show
Like a fresh t——d just dropt in snow. 14

DICK'S VARIETY.

Dull uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules,
You, Mullinix, and slobb'ring C——,
Who ev'ry day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes;
And when I listen to the noise
Of idiots roaring to the boys,
To better judgments still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:

Such paſtimes, when our taſte is nice,
Can pleaſe at moſt but once or twice.
But then conſider Dick, you'll find
His genius of ſuperior kind;
He never meddles in the dirt,
Nor ſcours the ſtreets without a ſhirt,
Tho' Dick, I dare preſume to ſay,
Could do ſuch feats as well as they.
Dick could venture ev'ry where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He'd have 'em try'd at the aſſizes
For prieſts and Jeſuits in diſguiſes,
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And liſting troops for the Pretender.
But Dick can fart, and dance, and friſk,
No other monkey half ſo briſk;
Now has the Speaker by the ears
Next moment in the Houſe of Peers;
Now ſcolding at my Lady Euſtace,
Or thraſhing Baby in her new ſtays.
Preſto, begone; with t'other hop
He's powd'ring in a barber's ſhop;
Now at the antechamber thruſting
His noſe to get the circle juſt in,
And damns his blood, that in the rear
He ſees one ſingle Tory there;
Then woe be to my Lord Lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again, on't.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

TO DICK.

I.

Foulest brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this Brown doſt thou appear?
For wouldſt thou make a fouler ſhow,
Thou muſt go naked all the year:
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow
Would then be not ſo Brown as thou.

II.

'Tis not the coat that looks ſo dun;
His hide emits a foulneſs out;
Not one jot better looks the ſun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t——ds within a glaſs incloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

III

Thou now one heap of foulneſs art;
All outward and within is foul;
Condenſed filth in ev'ry part,
Thy body's clothed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul which, thro' thy hide of buff,
Scarce glimmers like a dying ſnuff.

IV.

Old carted bawds ſuch garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they ſhine;

Such their exalted bodies are,
As ſhrivell'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldſt be pelted worſe than they're.

V.

Yet when we ſee thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but juſt
That thou ſhouldſt take an honeſt trade,
And weekly carry out the duſt.
Of cleanly houſes who will doubt,
When Dick cries, Duſt to carry out?

Verſes made for women who cry Apples, &c.

APPLES.

Come buy my fine wares,
Plums, Apples, and Pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conſcience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in heaven;
My huſband's a ſot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain 'em,
And I muſt maintain 'em.

ASPARAGUS.

Ripe 'Sparagraſs,
Fit for lad or laſs,
To make their water paſs:
O! tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken.

ONIONS.

Come, follow me by the ſmell,
Here's delicate Onions to ſell,
I promiſe to uſe you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer;
For this is ev'ry cook's opinion,
No ſav'ry diſh without an Onion:
But leſt your kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
Your Onions muſt be th'roughly boil'd;
Or elſe you may ſpare
Your miſtreſs a ſhare,
The ſecret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

Charming Oyſters I cry,
My Maſters, come buy;

So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colchester Oyster
Is sweeter and moister.
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle:
They'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;
And Madam your wife
They'll please to the life:
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my Oysters and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

Be not sparing
Leave off swearing:
Buy my Herring
Fresh from Malahide *,
Better ne'er was try'd.
Come eat 'em with pure fresh butter and mustard,
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
Or, like my own Herrings, I soon shall be dead.

* Malahide, about five miles from Dublin, famous for herrings.

ORANGES.

Come buy my fine Oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale:
Well roaſted with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentlefolks ſup.

TO LOVE.

In all I wiſh how happy ſhould I be,
Thou grand Deluder! were it not for thee?
So weak thou art, that fools thy pow'r deſpiſe,
And yet ſo ſtrong, thou triumph'ſt o'er the wiſe.
Thy traps are laid with ſuch peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the raſh depart.
Moſt nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,
But too much thinking brings us to thy ſnare,
Where, held by thee, in ſlavery we ſtay,
And throw the pleaſing part of life away.
But what does moſt my indignation move,
Diſcretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love;
Thy chief delight is to defeat thoſe arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts:
While the blind loit'ring god is at his play,
Thou ſteal'ſt his golden pointed darts away;
Thoſe darts which never fail; and in their ſtead
Convey'ſt malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedleſs god, ſuſpecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;

But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her ſhepherd can find no return,
Laments and rages at the power divine,
When, curs'd Diſcretion! all the fault was thine.
Cupid and Hymen thou haſt ſet at odds,
And bred ſuch feuds betwixt thoſe kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her ſons;
When one appears away the other runs.
The former ſcales, wherein he us'd to poiſe
Love againſt love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, ſtill ſubſide.
Then, gentle Venus! to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And ſtrike Diſcretion to the ſhades below.

The following lines were wrote upon a very old glaſs

OF SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S.

FRAIL Glaſs! thou mortal art as well as I,
Tho' none can tell which of us firſt ſhall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE

BY DR. SWIFT.

WE both are mortal; but thou, frailer creature,
May'ſt die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

VERSES

SAID TO BE WRITTEN ON THE UNION.

THE Queen has lately lost a part
Of her entirely-English heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with Scotch.
Bless'd Revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of frieze;
As if a man in making posies
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a Union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare,
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel,
Which, just like our's, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide:
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm.
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

Lesbia mî dicit ſemper male ; nec tacet unquam
De me ; Leſbia me, diſperεam, niſi amat.
Quo ſigno ? quia ſunt totidem mea : deprecor illam
Aſſiduè ; verum, diſpercam, niſi amo.

IN ENGLISH.

Lesbia for ever on me rails ;
To talk of me ſhe never fails :
Now hang me, but for all her art
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this, I plainly ſee
The caſe is juſt the ſame with me ;
I curſe her every hour ſincerely,
Yet hang me but I love her dearly.

MR. JASON HASSARD,

A WOOLLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN,

Put up the ſign of the Golden Fleece, and deſired a motto in verſe.

Jason, the valiant Prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece ;
We comb the wool, refine the ſtuff ;
For modern Jaſons that's enough.
Oh ! could we tame yon' watchful Dragon *,
Old Jaſon would have leſs to brag on.

* England.

THE

AUTHOR'S MANNER OF LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine;
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my servants much enrages;
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often spunge upon a friend;
Yet where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so Good b' y'——.

THE DISCOVERY.

When wise Lord Berkeley first came here,
Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find so great a peer
Ere a week past committing blunders:
Till on a day cut out by Fate,
When folk came thick to make their court,
Out slipt a mystery of state,
To give the town and country sport.
Now enters Bush * with new state-airs,
His Lordship's premier minister,
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his clyster.

* My Lord's wise secretary.

With head reclining on his ſhoulder
He deals and hears myſterious chat,
While ev'ry ignorant beholder
Aſks of his neighbour, Who is that?
With this he put up to my Lord,
The courtiers kept their diſtance due;
He twitch'd his ſleeve, and ſtole a word,
Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now my Lord and Buſh
Whiſp'ring in junto moſt profound,
Like good King Phyz and good King Uſh*,
While all the reſt ſtood gaping round.
At length a ſpark, not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand diſpute;
To learn what northern kings deſign,
Or from Whitehall ſome new expreſs,
Papiſts diſarm'd, or fall of coin;
For, ſure, thought he, it can't be leſs.
"My Lord," ſaid Buſh, "a friend and I,
"Diſguis'd in two old threadbare coats,
"Ere morning's dawn ſtole out to ſpy
"How markets went for hay and oats."
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's Excellency's ſnout,
And begs he would the other weigh.

* *Vide* The Rehearſal.

My Lord ſeems pleas'd, but ſtill directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then with a congee circumflex
Buſh, ſmiling round on all, retreats.
Our liſt'ner ſtood a while confus'd,
But gath'ring ſpirits, wiſely ran for't,
Enrag'd to ſee the world abus'd
By two ſuch whiſp'ring kings of Brentford!

THE PROBLEM.

That my Lord B—ley ſtinks when he's in love.——

Did ever Problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the female ſex?
So ſweet a paſſion who would think
Jove ever form'd to make a ſtink?
The ladies vow and ſwear they'll try
Whether it be a truth or lie.
Love's fire, it ſeems, like inward heat,
Works in my Lord by ſtool and ſweat,
Which brings a ſtink from ev'ry pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the fav'rite nymph can ſmell it.
But now, to ſolve the nat'ral cauſe
By ſober philoſophic laws,
Whether all paſſions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermine;

So when a weaſel you torment,
You find his paſſion by his ſcent.
We read of kings who, in a fright,
Tho' on a throne, would fall to ſh———.
Beſide all this, deep ſcholars know
That the main ſtring of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a———gut,
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or deſert preferr'd
From giving paſſage to a t———;
But ſtill, tho' fix'd among the ſtars,
Does ſympathize with human a———.
Thus when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude Love's bowſtring at full ſtretch,
Till the kind looſeneſs comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
  And now the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment;
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the firſt unſav'ry wind,
Some ply before, and ſome behind.
My Lord on fire amidſt the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.
The fair approach the ſpeaking part,
To try the backway to his heart;
For as when we a gun diſcharge,
Altho' the bore be ne'er ſo large,

Before the flame from muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the breech it flaſhes firſt;
So from my Lord his paſſion broke,
He f—ted firſt, and then he ſpoke.
  The ladies vaniſh in the ſmother,
To confer notes with one another:
And now they all agree to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, "Whate'er the reſt may think,
"I'm ſure 'twas I that ſmelt the ſtink."
"You ſmell the ſtink! by G—, you lie,"
Quoth Roſs; "for I'll be ſworn 'twas I."
"Ladies," quoth Levens, "pray forbear,
"Let's not fall out; we all had ſhare;
"And by the moſt I can diſcover,
"My Lord's an univerſal lover.

ON A PRINTER'S

BEING SENT TO NEWGATE BY ———

Better we all were in our graves
Than live in ſlavery to ſlaves;
Worſe than the anarchy at ſea,
Where fiſhes on each other prey;
Where ev'ry trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
And ſwagger while the coaſt is clear;
But ſhould a lordly pike appear,

Away you ſee the varlet ſcud,
Or hide his coward ſnout in mud.
Thus if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach,
Yet ſtill has impudence to riſe,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY THE CHURCHYARD OF CASTLENOCK.

WHOEVER pleaſeth to inquire
Why yonder ſteeple wants a ſpire,
The gray old fellow, Poet Joe *,
The philoſophic cauſe will ſhow.
  Once on a time a weſtern blaſt
At leaſt twelve inches overcaſt,
Reck'ning roof, weather-cock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall,
And tumbling topſyturvy round,
Light with its bottom on the ground;
For by the laws of gravitation
It fell into its proper ſtation.
  This is the little ſtrutting pile
You ſee juſt by the churchyard ſtile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the ſteeple got a ſhock;

* Mr Beaumont of Trim.

From whence the neighb'ring farmer calls
The steeple Knock, the vicar Walls *.
The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass,
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight,
And stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton took it in his noddle
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf or keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,
And ev'ry one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The Rev'rend Dr. Raymond guest
More probably than all the rest;

* Reverend Archdeacon Walls.

He ſaid, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a Pigmy's tomb.
The Doctor's family came by,
And little Miſs began to cry,
Give me that houſe in my own hand:
Then Madam bade the chariot ſtand,
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
" Pray, reach that thing here to the child;
" That thing, I mean, among the kale;
" And here's to buy a pot of ale."
The clerk ſaid to her, in a heat,
" What! ſell my maſter's country-ſeat,
" Where he comes ev'ry week from town?
" He would not ſell it for a crown."
" Poh! fellow! keep not ſuch a pother,
" In half an hour thou'lt make another."
Says Nancy, " I can make for Miſs
" A finer houſe ten times than this;
" The Dean will give me willow ſticks,
" And Joe my apron full of bricks."

THE DEAN'S ANSWER

TO SHERIDAN'S VERSES,

Upon ſtealing a crown when the Dean was aſleep.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk,

Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat:
Nor can I the leaſt diff'rence find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jeſt apart, reſtore, you Capon ye,
My twelve thirteens * and ſixpence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut———
But 'tis obſerv'd that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder Crowns.
Could you but change a Crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the Lady at St Cath'rine's †
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondiſham ‡,
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh 'em.

Saturday night.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dear Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gallſtown lads (for ſuch they are)
Beſides a brace of grave divines,
Adore the ſmoothneſs of thy lines,
Smooth as our baſon's ſilver flood,
Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;

* An Engliſh ſhilling paſſes for thirteen pence in Ireland.
† Lady Mountcaſhel.
‡ Agmondiſham Veſey, Eſq. a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Author had a great eſteem.

Smoother than Pegaſus' old ſhoe,
Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we ſet our a—s,
Is not ſo ſmooth as are thy verſes,
Compar'd with which (and that's enough)
A ſmoothing-ir'n itſelf is rough.
Nor praiſe I leſs that circumciſion,
By modern poets call'd Eliſion,
With which, in proper ſtation plac'd,
Thy poliſh'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus a wiſe tailor is not pinching,
But turns at ev'ry ſeam an inch in,
Or elſe, be ſure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be ſmooth, nor hold their ſtitches.
Thy verſe, like bricks, defy the weather,
When ſmooth'd by rubbing them together:
Thy words ſo cloſely wedg'd and ſhort are,
Like walls, more laſting without mortar:
By leaving out the needleſs vowels,
You ſave the charge of lime and trowels.
One letter ſtill another locks,
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd, like a box.
Thy Muſe is tuckt up and ſuccinct;
In chains thy ſyllables are linkt:
Thy words together ty'd in ſmall hanks,
Cloſe as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the umbo of the Romans,
Which fierceſt foes could break by no means.

The critic to his grief will find
How firmly these indentures bind:
So in the kindred painters' art
The short'ning is the nicest part.
  Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or else, to shew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
Wherein they need not lose a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work completely fine,
Number, and weight, and measure, join;
Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All must allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
Nor can we think your measure short,
Where less than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrine in the close,
Long, long, long, long! like Dan's long nose.

A REBUS WRITTEN BY A LADY*,

ON THE REVEREND DEAN SWIFT.

Cut the name of the man who his miſtreſs deny'd, — *Joſeph.*
And let the firſt of it be only apply'd,
To join with the prophet who David did chide; — *Nathan.*
Then ſay what a horſe is that runs very faſt,
And that which deſerves to be firſt put the laſt;
Spell all then, and put them together to find
The name and the virtues of him I deſign'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the ſtate;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer, he flies to ſuccour with ſpeed
When his friends want his aid, or Deſert is in need.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

The nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus ſhe will venture profuſely to throw
On ſo mean a deſign, and a ſubject ſo low:
For mean's her deſign, and her ſubject as mean,
The firſt but a Rebus, the laſt but a Dean.
A Dean's but a parſon; and what is a Rebus?
A thing never known to the Muſes or Phœbus;

* Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

The corruption of verſe; for when all is done,
It is but a paraphraſe made on a pun.
But a genius like her's no ſubject can ſtifle,
It ſhews and diſcovers itſelf thro' a trifle.
By reading this trifle I quickly began
To find her a great wit, but the Dean a ſmall man.
Rich ladies will furniſh their garrets with ſtuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough;
So the wit that is laviſhly thrown away here,
Might furniſh a ſecond-rate poet a year.
Thus much for the verſe, we proceed to the next,
Where the nymph has entirely forſaken her text.
Her fine panegyrics are quite out of ſeaſon,
And what ſhe deſcribes to be merit is treaſon.
The changes which faction has made in the ſtate,
Have put the Dean's politics quite out of date;
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And ſhould he write pamphlets, no great man would read 'em;
And ſhould Want or Deſert ſtand in need of his aid,
This racer would prove but a dull founder'd jade.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. DR. SWIFT

ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

VERTIGINOSUS, inops, ſurdus, male gratus amicis;
Non campana ſonans, tonitru non ab Jove miſſum,
Quod mage mirandum, ſaltem credere fas eſt,
Non clamoſa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

IN ENGLISH.

Deaf, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,
To all my friends a burden grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

PROBATUR ALITER.

I.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and a field-houſe for cattle,
Among the coals does often rattle.

II.

A long-ear'd beaſt, a bird that prates,
The bridegroom's firſt gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Chriſtians thought
In clergymen the greateſt fault.

III.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and a woman of Endor,
If your wife be a ſcold that will mend her.

IV.

With a long-ear'd beaſt, and med'cines uſe,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and ſpruce.

V.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and holy fable,
Strengthens the ſhoes of half the rabble.

VI.

A long-ear'd beaſt and Rheniſh wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

VII.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and Flander's college,
Is Dr. T———l to my knowledge.

VIII.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and building knight,
Cenſorious people do in ſpight.

IX.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and bird of night,
We ſinners are too apt to ſlight.

X.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and ſhameful vermine,
A judge will eat tho' clad in ermine.

XI.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and Iriſh cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a ſmart.

XII.

A long-ear'd beaſt, in mud to lie,
No bird in air ſo ſwift can flie.

XIII.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and a ſputt'ring old Whig,
I wiſh he were in it and dancing a jig.

XIV.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable ſmell both morning and night.

XV.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and the child of a ſheep,
At whiſt they will make a deſperate ſweep.

XVI.

A beaſt long-ear'd, and till midnight you ſtay,
Will cover a houſe much better than clay.

XVII.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and the drink you love beſt,
You call him a ſloven in earneſt or jeſt.

XVIII.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and the ſixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unleſs I look'd better.

XIX.

A long-ear'd beaſt give me, and eggs unſound,
Or elſe I will not ride one inch of ground.

XX.

A long-ear'd beaſt, another name for jeer,
To ladies' ſkins there's nothing comes ſo near.

XXI.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and kind noiſe of a cat,
Is uſeful in journeys, take notice of that.

XXII.

A long-ear'd beaſt, and what ſeaſons your beef,
On ſuch an occaſion the law gives relief.

XXIII.

A long-ear'd beaſt, a thing that force muſt drive in,
Bears up his houſe, that's of his own contriving.

TOM'S METAMORPHOSIS.

INTO A POET AND SPANIEL.

Tom was a little merry grig,
Fiddled and danc'd to his own jig;
Good-natur'd, but a little silly,
Irresolute, and shally shilly;
What he should do he could not guess;
They mov'd him like a man at chess.
Swift told him once that he had wit;
Swift was in jest, poor Tom was bit;
Thought himself son of second Phœbus,
For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus.
He took a draught of Helicon,
But swallow'd so much water down,
He got a dropsy: now they say 'tis
Turn'd to poetic diabetes,
And all the liquor he has past,
Is without spirit, salt, or taste.
But since it past Tom thought it wit,
And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.
He writ The Wonder of all Wonders,
He writ The Blunder of all Blunders;
He writ A Merry Farce for Poppet,
Taught actors how to squeak and hop it;
A Treatise on the Wooden Man *;
A Ballad on the Nose of Dan †;

* The sign of a Wooden Man in Essex Street, Dublin.
† A person remarkable for a nose of an enormous size.

The Art of making April Fools,
And four-and-thirty Punning Rules.
The learned ſay that Tom went ſnacks
With philomaths for almanacs,
Tho' they divided are, and ſome ſay
He writ for Whaley, ſome for Campſay *.
Hundreds there are who will make oath
He wrote alternately for both;
For tho' they made the calculations,
Tom writ the monthly obſervations.
Such were his writings; but his chatter
Was one continued clitter clatter.
Swift flit his tongue, and made him talk,
Cry Cup of Sack, and, Walk, Knaves, walk;
And fitted little prating Poll
For wiry cage in common hall;
Made him expert at quibble jargon,
And quaint at ſelling of a bargain.
Poll he could talk in different linguos,
But he could never learn diſtinguos.
Swift try'd in vain, and angry thereat,
Into a Spaniel turn'd his Parrot;
Made him to walk on his hind legs,
And now he dances, fawns, and begs;
Then cuts a caper o'er a ſtick,
Lies cloſe, will whine, and creek, and lick.

* Two almanac-makers in Dublin.

Swift puts a bit upon his ſnout,
Poor Tom he dares not look about;
But ſoon as Swift once gives the word,
He ſnaps it up tho' 'twere a t—d.

ON THE HERMITAGE

AT RICHMOND.

Lewis the living learned fed,
And rais'd the ſcientific head;
Our frugal Q—n, to ſave her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION

Drawn from the above Epigram, and ſent to the Drapier.

Since Anna, whoſe bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low had exalted thy head;
And ſince our good Q—n to the wiſe is ſo juſt,
To raiſe heads for ſuch as are humbled in duſt,
I wonder, good man! that you are not envaulted;
Prithee go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

Her Majeſty never ſhall be my exalter;
And yet ſhe would raiſe me, I know—by a halter.

BILLET

TO THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

THE incloſed Prologue is formed upon the ſtory of the Secretary's not ſuffering you to act unleſs you would pay him 300 l. per ann. *upon which you got a licenſe from the Lord Mayor to act as ſtrollers.*

The Prologue ſuppoſes, that upon your being forbidden to act a company of country ſtrollers came and hired the Playhouſe and your clothes, &c. *to act in.*

THE PROLOGUE.

OUR ſet of ſtrollers, wand'ring up and down,
Hearing the Houſe was empty, came to Town,
And with a licenſe from our good Lord May'r,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a play'r;
Him we perſuaded, with a mod'rate bribe,
To ſpeak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company ſupply their places,
And hire us out their ſcenes, and clothes, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look ſharp among our crew,
There's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were ſervants to the king,
We humble ſtrollers, always on the wing.

Now, for my part, I think, upon the whole,
Rather than ſtarve, a better man would ſtrole.
 Stay, let me ſee—Three hundred pounds a-year,
For leave to act in Town? 'tis plaguy dear.
Now here's a warrant; Gallants! pleaſe to mark,
For three thirteens and ſixpence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! were I the price to fix,
The public ſhould beſtow the actors ſix
A ſcore of guineas, given underhand,
For a good word or ſo we underſtand.
To help an honeſt lad that's out of place
May coſt a crown or ſo; a common caſe;
And in a crew 'tis no injuſtice thought
To ſhip a rogue, and pay him not a groat;
But in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of ſervants paying wages?
 I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part.
I told him what it was to be a ſtroller,
How free we acted, and had no controller.
In ev'ry town we wait on Mr. May'r,
Firſt get a licenſe, then produce our ware:
We ſound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
"Huzza!" the ſchoolboys roar, "the play'rs are come!"
And then we cry, to ſpur the bumpkins on,
"Gallants! by Tueſday next we muſt be gone."
I told him, in the ſmootheſt way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good:

But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has ſhone with Betterton and Weeks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who choſe to leave his deareſt pledges here,
Owns all your favours; here intends to ſtay,
And as a ſtroller act in ev'ry play:
And the whole crew this reſolution takes,
To live and die all ſtrollers for your ſakes,
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your diſpleaſure is their only ſhame.
  A pox on Elrington's majeſtic tone!
Now to a word of bus'neſs in our own.
  Gallants! next Thurſday night will be our laſt,
Then without fail we pack up for Belfaſt:
Loſe not your time, nor our diverſions miſs,
The next we act ſhall be as good as this.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF

CASHEL AND BETTESWORTH.

Dear Dick! prithee tell by what paſſion you move;
The world is in doubt whether hatred or love;
And while at good Caſhel you rail with ſuch ſpite,
They ſhrewdly ſuſpect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, tho' ſo loudly you vapour,
His ſpite cannot wound who attempted the Drapier:

Then prithee reflect, take a word of advice,
And, as your old wont is, change ſides in a trice;
On his virtues hold forth, 'tis the very beſt way,
And ſay of the man what all honeſt men ſay.
But if, ſtill obdurate, your anger remains,
If ſtill your foul boſom more rancour contains,
Say then more than they; nay, laviſhly flatter,
'Tis your groſs panegyrics alone can beſpatter;
For thine, my dear Dick! give me leave to ſpeak plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF.

ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to paſs
That you, who know muſic no more than an aſs,
That you, who ſo lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your Cathedral to players and ſcrapers?
To act ſuch an opera once in a year,
So offenſive to ev'ry true Proteſtant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and ſinging,
Will ſure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Proteſtant prelate, his Lordſhip or Grace,
Durſt there ſhew his Right or Moſt Reverend face:
How would it pollute their croſiers and rochets
To liſten to minims, and quavers, and crotchets?

The reſt is wanting.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I.

Lest it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II.

By diſputing I will never
To convince you once endeavour.

III.

When a paradox you ſtick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV.

When I talk, and you are heedleſs,
I will ſhew no anger needleſs.

V.

When your ſpeeches are abſurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI.

When you, furious, argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII.

Not a jeſt or humorous ſtory
Will I ever tell before ye,
To be chidden for explaining
When you quite miſtake the meaning.

VIII.

Never more will I ſuppoſe
You can taſte my verſe or proſe.

IX.

You no more at me ſhall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X.

You ſhall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI.

Shew your poverty of ſpirit,
And in dreſs place all your merit;
Give yourſelf ten thouſand airs,
That with me ſhall break no ſquares.

XII.

Never will I give advice
Till you pleaſe to aſk me thrice;
Which, if you in ſcorn reject,
'Twill be juſt as I expect.

Thus we both ſhall have our ends,
And continue ſpecial friends.

ROBIN AND HARRY *.

Robin to beggars, with a curſe,
Throws the laſt ſhilling in his purſe,
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue muſt call another day.
  Grave Harry, when the poor are preſſing,
Gives them a penny and God's bleſſing,

* Theſe gentlemen were ſons of the famous Dr. Leſlie, and one of them was a colonel in the Spaniſh ſervice.

But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left walks home in rain.
  Robin from noon to night will prate,
Runs out in tongue as in estate,
And ere a twelvemonth and a day
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice;
And if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five-and-fifty.
  It so fell out, that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And with his dame the ocean crost,
All for Love; or, The World well Lost;
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum;
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse,
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.
  Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her,

And ſell, to pacify his wrath,
A birthright for a meſs of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quinteſſence of beaus;
But when eſpous'd he ran the fate
That muſt attend the marry'd ſtate,
From gold brocade and ſhining armour
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer,
His grazier's coat with dirt beſmear'd,
Nor twice a-week will ſhave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a ſloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of Paduaſoy,
A flaxen wig, and waiſtcoat gay,
Powder'd from ſhoulder down to flank,
In courtly ſtyle addreſſes Frank,
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life,
Supplying thoſe defects by dreſs,
Which I muſt leave the world to gueſs.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

Come ſit by my ſide while this picture I draw:
In chatt'ring a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himſelf could not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of buſy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half ſo crabbed;
She ſwills like a ſow, and ſhe breeds like a rabbit:

A houſewife in bed, at table a ſlattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas, Ford, Grattan, and
merry Dan,
Has this any likeneſs to good Madam Sheridan?

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO SOME VERSES FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

The verſes you ſent on the bottling your wine
Were, in ev'ry one's judgment, exceedingly fine;
And I muſt confeſs, as a Dean and divine,
I think you inſpir'd by the Muſes all Nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line,
And the worſt of them all, like a barn-door, did ſhine.
Oh! that Jove would give me ſuch a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would ſcorn to combine;
I know they have many a wicked deſign:
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wiſh, honeſt comrade of mine,
You would really on Thurſday leave St. Catherine *,
Where I hear you are cramm'd ev'ry day like a ſwine.
With me you'll no more have a ſtomach to dine,
Nor after your vittles lie ſleeping ſupine;
So I wiſh you were toothleſs, like Lord Maſſerine;
But were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wiſh you would tell me which way you incline.
If, when you return, your road you don't line,

*The ſeat of Lady Mountcaſhel, about ſix miles from Dublin.

On Thurſday I'll pay my reſpects at your ſhrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In ſquare or in oppoſite, circle or trine.
Your beef will on Thurſday be ſalter than brine;
I hope you have ſwill'd with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee's outdone by the Rhine;
And Dan ſhall be with us, with noſe acquiline.
If you do not come back we ſhall weep out our eyn,
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine,
But if too many come your Madam will whine,
And then you may kiſs the low end of her ſpine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine;
I hope you will not think this a Paſquine.

THE DEAN AND DUKE.

J——s B——s and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of courſe their friendſhip ends.
But ſure the Dean deſerves a ſharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boaſt he knows the Duke.
Yet ſince juſt Heav'n the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is loſt by ſtocks,
His wings are clipp'd; he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The Duke and Dean ſeem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,
From bailiffs' claws thou ſcarce couldſt keep thy bum
free.

A Duke to know a Dean! Go, ſmooth thy crown;
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; ſo pleas'd the king:
Oh! would his majeſty but add a ſtring.

FABULA CANIS ET UMBRÆ.

Ore cibum portans catulus dum ſpectat in undis
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum ſpecioſa diu damna admiratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non ſimulachrum corripit unà.
Occupat ille avidus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit ſpecies, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

AN ANSWER

TO A CERTAIN DOCTOR'S COMPLAINT *.

DOCTOR.

Deaf, giddy, helpleſs, left alone.
ANS. Except the firſt, the fault's your own.
DOC. To all my friends a burthen grown.
ANS. Becauſe to few you will be ſhown.
Give them good wine and meat to ſtuff,
You may have company enough.

* This Poem is already printed, but without the anſwers, p. 211, of this volume.

DOC. No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell
ANS. Then write and read, 'twill do as well.
DOC. At thunder now no more I ſtart
Than at the rumbling of a cart.
ANS. Think then of thunder when you f—t.
DOC. And, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.
ANS. A woman's clack, if I have ſkill,
Sounds ſomewhat like a throwſter's mill,
But louder than a bell or thunder,
That does, I own, increaſe my wonder.

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

My lateſt tribute here I ſend ;
With this let your collection end.
Thus I conſign you down to fame,
A character to praiſe or blame ;
And if the whole may paſs for true,
Contented reſt, you have your due :
Give future times the ſatisfaction
To leave one handle for detraction.

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